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THE
YOUNG PHILOSOPHER:
A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH. K

Of MAN, when warm'd by Reason's purest ray,
No slave of Avarice, no tool of Pride;
When no vain Science led his mind astray,
But NATURE was his law, and God his guide.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, JUN. AND W. DAVIES,
IN THE STRAND.

1798.

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P R E F A C E.

IT is, I believe, in a work written by Mrs. Sarah Fielding, and now out of print, called "*The Art of Tormenting*," that I have read the following fable:

"A society of animals were once disputing on various modes of suffering, and of death; many offered their opinions, but it was at length agreed that the sheep, as the most frequent victim, could give the best account of the agonies inflicted by the teeth and claws of beasts of prey."

If a Writer can best describe who has suffered, I believe that all the evils arising from oppression, from fraud and chicanery,

I am above almost any person qualified to delineate.

I am not so sure that I have made a just picture of a man so calm, as to be injured by fraud and offended by folly, and who shall yet preserve his equality of temper. I suspect that in many instances my Hero forgets his pretensions, and has no claim to the character of a Philosopher; that, however, will prove only that the title of my book is a misnomer, the book itself will be no worse.

My original plan differed materially from that I have executed; why I changed it is not now material; but as I once before heard the charge of *plagiarism* (which however is sometimes passed over to a wonderful degree by the Critics) and as a general accusation of that sort is perhaps sometimes made, because it saves

2 more

more discriminating criticism, I may just mention, that the incident of the confinement in a mad house of one of my characters was designed before I saw the fragment of "The Wrongs of Woman," by a Writer whose talents I greatly honoured, and whose untimely death I deeply regret ; from her I should not blush to borrow, and if I had done so I would have acknowledged it.

I had intended to add a few words on the taste that seems at present to prevail in regard to works of this kind, and of my doubts whether a Novel representing only scenes of modern life and *possible* events may not be accounted of the old school, and create less interest than the wild, the terrible, and the supernatural; but as I have for some time meditated a more considerable examination of the subject than can be included in a Preface, I
will

will now content myself with declaring against the injustice of inferences, frequently drawn by the Reader, in regard to the Author of such books as these; I mean their appropriating to him or her as individuals, sentiments and opinions given to any of the characters intended to be described as amiable. There may be many traits, many ideas, and even many prejudices, which may be necessary to support or render these characters natural, that are by no means those of the composer of the book; I declare therefore against the conclusion, that *I* think either like Glenmorris or Armitage, or any other of my personages.

To those who are of opinion that some moral is necessary to a Novel, I may say, that my intention in this has been to expose the ill consequences of detraction; to shew the sad effects of parental resentment,

ment, and the triumph of fortitude in the daughter, while too acute sensibility, too hastily indulged, is the source of much unhappiness to the mother. But as no distresses can be created without such men, as in the present state of society stand in place of the giants, and necromancers, and ogres of ancient romance, men whose profession empowers them to perpetrate, and whose inclination generally prompts them to the perpetration of wickedness, I have made these drawings a *little* like people of that sort whom I *have seen*, certain that nothing I could *imagine* would be so correct, when legal collusion and professional oppression were to be represented. If altogether the story is not uninteresting, and is relieved with such ornaments as a very slight knowledge of natural history, and a minor talent for short pieces of poetry, have enabled me to give it, I trust,

trust this latest attempt, and one that has not cost me the *least* pains among my various labours, will not be less favourably received than the greater part of those which have preceded it.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

London, June 6th, 1798.

THE
YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

CHAP. I.

“Of moving accidents by flood or field.”

A FEW years have passed, since it happened that Dr. Winslow, a dignified clergyman, who, besides an affluent private fortune, possessed very considerable church preferment, together with his wife, the co-heiress of a rich citizen, their only son, now in his twentieth year, and Mrs. Winslow's niece, Miss Goldthorp, the only daughter of a deceased banker, and possessing above fifty thousand pounds, were induced to pass part of the autumn at a public place of great resort, about sixty miles from Lon-

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don.

don. Mrs. Winflow was extremely *nervous*, and nothing was so good for that complaint as sea air; the Doctor indeed had three excellent houses, in three different counties, but they all happened to be very far inland, and the present state of his lady's nerves demanded the benefit of marine breezes.

Her nerves had received some benefit after a residence of near a month on the coast. It was not certain whether this desirable end had been obtained by gentle airings on the salubrious hills around her present residence, or by another specific, occasionally applied to by ladies of a certain age in such cases, that of passing more than half the night at cards. Something was probably due to the latter cause, as Mrs. Winflow had been unusually successful; she had besides augmented her acquaintance among people of fashion, which was always an object of her ambition—having added five titled friends to her visiting list for the ensuing winter.

His

His wife now being in a state to bear the journey, the Doctor ventured to propose her accompanying him on a visit he had long meditated, and for which he had received a recent and very pressing invitation. Mrs. Winslow, who was occasionally all sweetness, especially when desired to do any thing she did not dislike, assented readily.—Young Winslow had just purchased a pair of very fine horses of a man of fashion (whose stable-keeper had hinted, in no very respectful terms, the necessity of his selling them) and their present master was glad of this opportunity “to try their bottom.”—It was settled that he should conduct his fair cousin in his curicle, while the Doctor and Mrs. Winslow, with her own maid on a seat before, were to proceed in a postchaise. The great object of Mrs. Winslow’s life had been to be accounted a woman of most elegant taste, and the word elegant was incessantly uttered on all the opinions she held, and in all the decisions she gave.—It would now have

been much more *elegant* to have had four horses, an equipage with which they generally moved when at any of the Doctor's livings, where he had grass and corn of his own; but as he never lost sight of œconomy, he had now prudently contented himself with a pair; and though he would not have been sorry to have had them on the present occasion, to make an handsome figure at the house of his old friend, he peevishly resisted his wife's remonstrances, who thought post-horses would be more *elegant*; and he asserted, that no body but herself would say such a thing—He only desired, that as their journey was to be four and twenty miles, and the days were so much shortened, she would be ready to set out before noon.

To make any exertion, however, was quite out of her way; had she risen an hour before her time, she would have been nervous the whole day. Instead of noon, therefore, it was near two o'clock before Mrs. Dibbins, her woman, who
was

was as nervous and as *elegant* as her mistress, had collected and arranged all the elegancies they both thought it necessary to provide; then, just as they were preparing to depart, the lady's amiable new friends, Lady Stockbury, and her most elegant daughter Lady Theresa, arrived to pay her a morning visit; they had a great deal to tell her of an elopement in high life, of which they had learned the particulars, and to relate all that passed the preceding evening at an assembly they were at, where several persons of the highest rank were collected. Mrs. Winflow delighted to listen to such conversation, which to relate at the place she was going to would give her the air of frequenting the most *elegant* society, quite forgot that the morning was wearing away, and that the poor Doctor was in one of his most restless fits of fretting, waiting for her in another room.

The clock had told three some time before they departed; and they had advanced two or three miles on their road

before the Doctor had vented his psaws, and his pooh poohs—he then gradually murmured himself to rest, and fell asleep in reflecting, that though they should dine on the road, instead of reaching the house of his reverend friend, yet that they should arrive to an excellent supper, and that the next day being the first of October, he should have the pleasure of a day's pheasant shooting, for which the part of the country they were going to was famous, and the worthy divine, though too corpulent for the more fatiguing field sports, could still knock down a pheasant. The young people had gone on before, and young Winslow had the precaution to bespeak at the inn, where they were under the necessity of stopping, the best dinner that could in such a place be provided; but when after half an hour's waiting it appeared, the cutlets were tough, and the fowls badly dressed; the tart was not eatable, and the wine not drinkable.—Again the Doctor lamented his
unfortunate

unfortunate destiny as pathetically as if a bad dinner had been one of the insupportable misfortunes of life; and again his fretting occasioned its usual effect of making Mrs. Winlow "*excessive nervous*."—At length they once more sat forth, though it was already late, considering that they had eleven miles to travel over downs, and through a country they none of them were acquainted with. The people of the inn however assured them, it was impossible they could miss the way—They were to keep strait up over Mayham Down, till they got to Watchet's Corner, and then turn to the right over Ringsted Brow, till they came to the Dip, and then they were to turn again to the right, and then they would see a direction post——and then——"

The Dean, impatient to be gone, and testy still on account of his bad dinner, would not stay to have these directions repeated, but peevishly bade his son, who

had undertaken to lead the way, go on——.

The young man, glad to get away from his father's murmurs, hastened to obey; the curricie was presently out of sight—for the new horses went very well, and the master fell into an eulogium on them, which lasted till suddenly the road became so bad that they could keep their admirable pace no longer; he then stopped, and began to recollect what had been told him of the way—and after a short debate persuaded himself he was right.—His cousin, to whom he appealed, answered indolently, that she never attended to the directions—"but never mind," added she, "go on. We shall get to the top of this rising ground presently, and then we shall see our way, and easily discover the high road to the town."

The horses again were urged to exertion, but the hill seemed to become higher the more they advanced, and to stretch

stretch in mountainous elevation above them, in proportion as they attempted to reach its summit; partial fogs hung about its sides, and they could no longer discern the country behind them toward the sea, or could they hear or see the chaise that was following them. Mr. Winslow now called a short council with his groom, whom he ordered to ride forward, to see if he could discover a more beaten road or a direction post. He did not return so soon as his master expected, who impatiently drove on in despite of the ruts, and the uncertainty whither the road led. There was not indeed much time to hesitate; for besides the gathering shades of night, heavy black clouds were accumulated in the south-west, and volumes of mist surrounded the travellers, and then for a moment dispersed, discovering to them an extensive vale, on the brink of which they seemed to be wandering; then the fog so entirely obscured it, that all before them appeared like an ocean of vapour,

vapour, and their way again became so doubtful that Winslow acknowledged it was necessary to stop.

In the mean time the carriage behind had proceeded more slowly, yet not doubting but that they were right. They had by chance taken nearly the same road, but were not advanced so far by a mile, when the Doctor, who had given himself and his hearers a little respite, again began to deplore his ill fortune—"You see," cried he, "it is just as I told you; I knew how it would be!—Such short days; to set out so late was madness; absolutely madness." Before Mrs. Winslow had time to reply, Jerry stopped, and said, "Sir, if you please, this road is very baddish for my chai.—There's no quarter; one mid as well drive on the ridge of an house—and its a most dark—I doubt if we be right."

"Had you not better enquire, Jerry?" said the lady. "Do, good Jeremy, stop at some house, and enquire." "Enquire!" exclaimed the Doctor; "enquire at an house!"

house! Why, where do you think, Mrs. Winslow, he will find one? But that's always your way, madam—you always fancy yourself on a turnpike road about London—but let what will happen, you may thank yourself—I never went out with you in my life but my patience was worn down with waiting—and the tiresome custom you have got of never being ready is always occasioning some accident; I remember enough of them; yet you do just the same, as if they had never happened.—Don't you recollect how we were robbed on the Walthamstow road, and lost fifteen guineas between us, and two gold watches worth seventy more, because you would stay for another rubber at Doctor Twaddie's? and had not you warning enough when we were overturned once between Guildford and Godalming, because it was dark? and don't you remember that in the deep snow you——?” “O my God!” exclaimed the lady—“Dr. Winslow! is it not cruel, when you see the nervous way

I am in? Oh! pray, instead of all this, tell Jerry which way he is to go." "I tell him! how should I tell him? There's my son too, he must needs drive on to leave us here to have our necks broke!"

A violent shriek from the lady put an end to this useless contest for the present; her *nervousness* now amounted to a fit, and while Mrs. Dibbins her woman chafed her hands, held a smelling bottle to her nose, and used such other remedies as she was provided with, the Doctor, whose apprehensions were become very serious, got out of the chaise, and directing his servant on horseback to dismount and follow him, they went forward in the hope of discovering a better way. The Doctor was fat and asthmatic, and the hill was steep; his fears made it seem of an Alpine height; and as he looked towards the country he had crossed, to see how far it would be more advisable to return to the inn they had left (even though he should sup as badly as he had dined) he had the additional mortification

fication of seeing a very heavy storm approaching; the thunder already muttered at a distance; large drops of rain fell, and gusts of wind blew with such violence, that after having wasted half an hour, and finding no road more promising than that they were in, he returned to take shelter against the storm in the chaise—very comfortless however was his situation. His wife was come out of her fit; but his renewed reproaches, real terror for her son and herself, and the lightning that flashed vividly around them, threw her back into the same situation.—She had never encountered any real difficulty.—The temporary inconvenience in which she found herself she had no fortitude to bear, and it was therefore rendered tenfold worse to those around her. The Doctor now proposed that the horses heads should be turned towards the inn they had quitted, and determined to try to regain it; but in that direction the tempest beat against them with such fury, that
neither

neither of them could be induced to stir, and the Doctor fumed and lamented himself in vain; Mrs. Winslow screamed and sobbed; and her maid deplored her own hard fate, her mistress's, and that of all her best clothes, which were tied on in a large caravan behind the chaise, and having "no *ile* skin o' top of them, would," she said, "be entirely spoiled." The Doctor, had he been a layman, would probably have sent her and her caravan to the devil, with the many exclamations and apostrophes usual on such occasions; but as he never suffered his choler to betray him into any expressions derogatory to the dignity of his order, he contented himself with muttering against the folly of those who travelled with foolish fid fad women, called himself the most unfortunate man in the world, and pronounced it for a certainty, that they were to stay on the Downs all night, if indeed the lightning did not destroy them all before morning.

Here, however, they staid a considerable

able time without feeling any other inconvenience than from the rain (which came down in torrents) and the fits of poor Mrs. Winslow, who when she saw the lightning flash, or heard the Doctor complain, shrieked a-new, and relapsed. In the mean time, the curriole travellers were even worse off than these. Miss Goldthorp, who affected great strength of mind, and to despise all feminine fear as puerile and even vulgar, was not entirely free from terror when she found herself exposed in such a situation to the double-danger of the storm and the restiveness of the horses, young, pampered, hardly broken, which, though jaded with their journey, shewed symptoms of impatience and fear that it was easy to see alarmed their driver, who knew not how to manage them, or whither to direct them with safety. The rain, driving in cataracts, would have deprived Winslow of the power of distinguishing his way, even if in the intervals of the lightning the sky had been less obscured.

His groom was a lad without knowledge or presence of mind, and Winslow found himself called upon to act for the safety of others, while his fears for his personal security (a matter to which he was in habits of giving very great attention) almost annihilated the slender faculties he at any time possessed.

Self-preservation, which has been called the first law of nature, began to operate very forcibly on his mind, and he proposed to his cousin, that the horses should be taken off, as relieving them at least from one danger, and that they should sit in the carriage till the tempest abated, and they could find their way on foot to some habitation, or till the postchaise, in which were his father and mother, should overtake them.

Fear had by this time rendered Miss Goldthorp passive; she had sometimes rallied her cousin on his effeminacy, and asserted that he was designed for a woman, but she now too sincerely participated in his apprehensions to ridicule it—

Winslow,

Winslow, therefore, giving her the reins, which he conjured her to hold quietly and steadily, descended gently, and with his servant, who had dismounted, began to take the horses from the carriage. Hardly, however, had they unbuckled one part of the harness before a tremendous burst of thunder broke immediately above them—the foundation of the hill seemed shaken, and the lightning that rapidly followed was like a sheet of fire over their heads—the horses instantly reared, by the suddenness of the plunge disengaged themselves from the feeble efforts of Winslow and his servant to hold them, and ran with the curricie along the worn chalk way in which they had been standing.—The terrified young woman was instantly deprived of all sense and recollection; nor did she return to a consciousness of her existence till she found herself on a bank of turf, suffering extreme pain, and supported by a stranger, who seeing her restored to sense, spoke soothingly to her; and to leave nothing
to

to conjecture at such a moment, told her, that he had been fortunate enough to stop the horses at the moment when another step would have plunged them and the carriage into a chalk pit; that finding them ungovernable he had, with the help of his servant, cut the traces, and taken her out, he was afraid a good deal hurt, but he hoped not dangerously, as she had not fallen, the curriele not having been overturned, though it had struck with violence against the sides of the hollow road.—He added, that he had sent his servant to his house, which was not far off, for assistance; that it would soon arrive; and he conjured her in the meantime to try to recal and compose her spirits, since he hoped she had no limbs broken, and that the danger was now at an end. The voice and expressions were such as, amid the terror, confusion, and pain, felt by the unfortunate traveller, prevented any fears of having fallen into peril as great as that she had escaped; she was, however, unable to speak;

peak ; she sighed deeply, and seemed again sinking into temporary insensibility.

In some moments a man with a lantern, attended by two others, and a woman, appeared ; the men bore a mattress on a sort of frame between them, on which the stranger, who acted as their master, assisted the woman to place Miss Goldthorp with great care ; but the change of posture, however tenderly attempted, put her to extreme torture.—She shrieked on moving her arm, and that it was broken could not be doubted.—This discovery, however, made her immediate removal only more necessary.—Again the stranger spoke to her, exhorting her to courage and patience, and she was at length placed on the mattress, which two of the men lifted gently, and began to descend the hill, while the woman walked on one side, attentive to the ease of the poor sufferer, and the humane stranger on the other. Their progress however was slow, for the descent was very steep, and the rain, which still fell, though the thunder had rolled away to a distance, made
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the short turf on which they sometimes trod, or the chalky road they followed at another, so slippery, that it was not without great care they avoided falling with their suffering burthen.—At last they reached an house at the foot of the hill, but to whom it belonged, or what was the condition of life of its inhabitants, Miss Goldthorp was then in no state to remark.—She was attended to a chamber, and put to bed by several women, some of whom were young, and seemed deeply affected at her situation.—She recovered just enough recollection to ask what was become of her cousin? and whether he was killed? The stranger, whom she had first seen, informed of this question, came to her bed-side, and entreated her to give him what intelligence she could relative to the person for whom she expressed apprehension.—He said, that when he met her, she was alone in the curricie, and that he had neither seen or heard any other person, while he remained on the spot where he snatched her from the carriage.

A few faltering words from the poor sufferer

sufferer served to inform her friendly protector of what he so generously desired to know, and he hastened away with his assistants to the scene he had left. In the mean time a surgeon arrived from the neighbouring town; the arm of the patient was set, and one of the younger ladies, whose compassionate attention was the most sedulously exerted, sat by her.—She was already sunk into a more quiet state than the operator had expected, when her repose was likely to be interrupted by the arrival of the rest of the party—for by this time Doctor and Mrs. Winslow, and their son, had been respectively relieved from their perilous wanderings, and brought to the same hospitable house by the same active humanity as had rescued the unfortunate young lady from death. The Doctor, almost as nervous as his wife, was so eager to express his thanks, that there was something almost abject in his gratitude—he repeated the same thing twenty times in a breath, then habitually began to complain

plain of Mrs. Winflow as the cause of his misfortune; while the poor woman, weeping and half senseless, exclaimed, "Oh Doctor, pray let us only be thankful to this gentleman, and to the great Director of Events, who has given him an opportunity of shewing such exquisite benevolence."—"I am, madam, I am duly thankful to both; and I hope, let me add, it will serve as a warning to you, never to let that procrastinating way that you have got put us into such a predicament again—Your niece, you see, has broken her arm; she may die for what you know, and my son has had his new curicle torn to pieces, and one of his horses, if not both, entirely ruined; and all this owing to what? because you never are ready—never—never,—and whatever comes of this unfortunate day, nobody but you will be to blame."—Mrs. Dibbins now interposed.—One of the females of the family entered to say, the bed prepared for Mrs. Winflow was ready.—She was led away in a fit of extreme nervousness, and

and one of the young ladies of the house brought her a composing cordial, ordered for her by the medical man attending, who endeavoured to quiet her alarms for her niece.—She at length became more calm, and looked round the room with complacency, observing, that she had never seen any place fitted up “*in the cottage style*” *half so elegant.*

C H A P. II.

“The determination of mind, in consequence of which a child contracts some of his earliest propensities, which call out his curiosity, industry, and ambition, or, on the other hand, leave him unobserving, indolent, and phlegmatic, is produced by circumstances so minute and subtle, as in few instances to have been made the subject of history.”

FEAR and fatigue had not so entirely subdued the spirits of Doctor Winflow, as to prevent his enquiring of the servant who attended him to his room, the name and condition of the family from which he had received so hospitable a reception, as well as that of the young man who had rescued his niece from the imminent peril she had been in; and his sense of the obligation seemed to be immeasurably enlarged, when he learned that the house he was in had been the residence of Colonel Delmont, only brother of the late Earl of Castledanes. The
Colonel

Colonel died in the West Indies, and the present master of the house was his youngest son, Mr. Delmont, who was a student at Oxford, but since the death of his father had resided almost entirely at this place, which was called Upwood, with his two sisters and an elderly female relation, reputed to be very rich, who had the care of the young ladies.

The Doctor descended the next morning, full fraught with gratitude towards his hosts, and with admiration of themselves and their house, which he declared to be the most beautiful, and at the same time the most singular, place he had ever seen.

Mrs. Winslow joined him in thanks and praises; she had never seen such *amiable* people, never beheld so *elegant* a place! If she had to regret the painful accident that had befallen her dear Martha (Miss Goldthorp) she, on the other hand, felt all the providential good fortune of having made so interesting an acquaintance, which she hoped the agree-

able and worthy family would permit her the honour of cultivating.

The unfortunate Mr. Winflow heard all this without the power to join in it. —The loss of his curricie and his horses, one of which was entirely spoiled, and the other injured so much as not to be worth ten pounds, was a misfortune which, as he was no philosopher, took from him all inclination to talk, and still more to admit that the acquisition of any acquaintance could make him amends for such a calamity.—He stared with two light unmeaning eyes on George Delmont, who, though a man not much older than himself, seemed to be a being of another species, and not more unlike in person than in ideas.—Delmont was above the height of six feet, and apparently united the qualities of activity and strength in a very uncommon degree.—From being constantly exposed to the air he was tanned so much that it was only by the glow on his cheek and the whiteness of his forehead that his complexion

complexion could be pronounced fair; and his brown hair was cut like that of the farmer or peasant, while his dress was plain even to rusticity. Winslow, who was quite the "Master Marmoset" of a very weak mother, shrunk before his new acquaintance with a sense of inferiority for which he could not account, for he was a great deal the best dressed man of the two; was pantalooned and waistcoated after the very newest fashion, and except that he did not belong to nobility, of which advantage Delmont seemed to make no account, Winslow imagined that he was in most other respects superior, particularly in the material article of fortune.

Though they were both of the university, Delmont's studies, friends, and pleasures, were found to have been so different from those of Winslow, that they had no notions in common—and after a short trial of his young acquaintance, Delmont turned to the elder of his visitors, whose conversation might, he thought,

be rather more interesting than that of Middleton Winslow, who indulged himself in continual lamentations over his recent distress.—"If Goldfinch," he said, "*did* recover, it would be impossible to match him as he was matched with Wildair—he did not believe, nay he was sure, there was not a third horse like them in all England."—The extreme concern which seemed to oppress him as he thus spoke surprised Delmont, who, though he had seen as much of the world as any man of his age, had, since he became his own master, lived very much out of it, and according to the dictates of his own reason rather than according to its fashions; he wondered, therefore, at the consequence young Winslow attached to trifles, which *he* thought unworthy of giving any deep concern to a man of sense; he loved a fine horse, and understood his properties, but had no idea of considering the loss of an animal in such a light as it appeared to Winslow, who spoke in terms, and with an appear-

appearance of despair, such as Delmont thought could reasonably be excited only by a great family misfortune, while of the injury sustained by Miss Goldthorp he seemed not to think at all.

Delmont was afraid he should soon be weary of his guests; but the generous hospitality of his nature induced him to shew them every mark of civility and attention—Young Winslow therefore proposing to visit his disarranged cavalry (to which he had by this time summoned every farrier, whose skill was celebrated, within ten miles) Delmont offered to walk with him, and Mrs. Crewkherne, the aunt of the family, was left alone with Dr. Winslow, Mrs. Winslow being in too *nervous* a state to remain with them, and affecting, or perhaps feeling, extreme solicitude about her “dear Martha.”

The Doctor, whose curiosity had till this time been with difficulty restrained, now began to ask such questions as he thought would lead to the explanation of the family history.—It seemed strange
C 3 that

that Mr. Delmont, who apparently was not of age, or not *more* than one and twenty, should be master of the house, and, though a younger brother, not studying for one of the learned professions, or destined to the army, like second branches of other noble families.

“Has Mr. Delmont left Oxford?” enquired the Doctor. “Yes, indeed, I am afraid so,” replied Mrs. Crewkherne, “for he has kept only one term since we lost the Colonel.—It was his *family’s* wish that he should study either for the church or the bar; but alas! my good Sir, I don’t know how it is——times are strangely altered since my father, Dr. Crewkherne, and my brother, Mr. Serjeant Crewkherne, lived, and were honours to those professions. My father, the reverend Dr. Crewkherne,” “He was a Dean, Madam, if I recollect right—A name so respectable cannot but have made an impression on me—He was Dean, I think, of—of—”

“Yes, Sir,” replied the lady, who had
a very

a very commodious way of never hearing more than she chose—"Yes, he was a man of the most profound learning, and, I believe, makes no inconsiderable figure on the shelves of the studious in theological controversy to this day. He was, Sir, as undoubtedly you recollect, author of four volumes in folio, written, Sir, in Latin—and seven others of high celebrity, called——"

Dr. Winflow, who had never heard of either in his life, was very willing to acquiesce silently in the praise of these stupendous monuments of controversial learning—his own was by no means profound—and he was not half so deep in the Fathers as in that sort of information which was to be acquired by other methods of study; by learning the value of the most capital livings in the gift of the Crown or the Chancellor, *who* were likely to succeed to them, and the ages of the actual incumbents. Unwilling, however, that Mrs. Crewkerne should suspect him of any such

merely temporal studies, he bowed profoundly, muttered something that she was willing enough to suppose was praise of her venerable ancestor; and the lady proceeded—"That Dr. Crewkherne, then, Sir, was *my* father, of course one of the ancestors of this young man; and my brother was, as I observed, a serjeant at law—and had it pleased the Lord to have blessed this country with a longer loan of his great abilities, there can be no doubt but that he would have been a judge, or probably chancellor."

Again Dr. Winslow bowed, and again Mrs. Crewkherne went on; but she seemed entirely to have forgotten that the enquiry of the Doctor was about George Delmont.—At length she brought the praise of the dignitary and the "learned brother" to a conclusion, by remarking of their descendant, "That when he was a child he *seemed* to have a very great capacity—There was nothing, Sir," said she, "that struck the child, that he did not immediately ask questions about it—
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questions indeed very extraordinary for his age ; and he would never be content without some answer that appeared to him reasonable.—I own I thought from this desire of enquiry that he would be a very learned and great man.”

The Doctor was not quite sure that an acute enquirer was the likeliest to make a very great man, in Mrs. Crewkerne’s acceptation of the word.—It was not an objection, however, that he was disposed to make—and he continued to listen with great attention.—

“ And for my own part,” she went on to say ; “ for my own part, I had the highest hopes of him, till his mother, when he was about five years old, and ought to have gone to a grammar school, took it into her head to keep him at home and instruct him herself—Then I foresaw that he would be ruined—for instead of the usual way of bringing up children, she had the most unaccountable notions of her own !—and it was so uneasy to her to have her eldest son,

now Captain Delmont, sent to a school to prepare him for Eton, that the late Lord Castledanes and her husband Colonel Delmont, who neither of them ever contradicted her, suffered her to keep this boy till he was eleven years old with her—and so, I know not by what sort of reading indeed, for I never was consulted, she made him a *Philosopher*, it seems, in baby clothes! and my little master had a set of opinions of his own, which he never was flogged out of, as he ought to have been, at Eton—So instead of now proceeding to make his fortune by following a profession, you see the consequence!—Here he is, at twenty-one, calling himself a farmer, and determined to be nothing more. This little bit of an estate—a paltry scrap of earth of not an hundred acres, is to confine his ambition, because, forsooth, he is a *Philosopher*!—Grant me patience!—to think, Dr. Winslow, that a young man who might be any thing should so throw himself away!—A farmer indeed! which

which any of our clowns can be!—He! —a young man of his family, of his connections, who might be any thing—but indeed my good Sir, if it were not that I well know every one predestined to their lot, and that all is ordered for the best, I should have many an hour of concern for this family—They are to be sure very unfortunate people.”

She then related (repeating that she *always* foresaw it) that the late Lord Castledanes had married, at an early period of his life, a lady of immense fortune, by whom he had no children, and who becoming decidedly a lunatic, was, ten years after her marriage with him, confined as such at a remote seat of his, under the care of proper people, superintended by one of her own relations.—“The children of his brother,” said Mrs. Crewkherne, “were of course considered as his heirs, and he seemed to have as much affection for them as if they had been his own, and they were educated at his expence.—But we are blind mortals, Dr. Winslow, very

blind mortals!—Mrs. Delmont, who with her children lived more at Lord Castledane's house than at her own, had two sisters, the daughters of her father, a gay extravagant man, by his second wife—these girls became orphans about five years ago—the eldest was seventeen, and the other two years younger—both beauties forsooth!—and they had been brought up in all sorts of idle stuff that is called accomplishments, and danced and sung much too well for modest women—These young Misses then were taken into the care of Mrs. Delmont, and lived as she did, very much at the house of my nephew, the late lord Castledanes.—Nobody was ever supposed to know any thing so well as Mrs. Delmont, and so nobody objected to these girls making a part of the family—They were to teach the Delmont girls, and supply the places of masters when they were in the country—I was afraid from the very beginning that no good would come of it—and to be

sure

sure it has turned out so as to bring to an end all the prospects that were before supposed certain; for when Lady Castledanes was dead, my Lord, who had been very partial to Mrs. Delmont, his brother's wife, and regretted her extremely, took it into his head to marry the eldest of those two girls, though she was young enough to be his daughter.—You may suppose, good Sir, that Colonel Delmont was not very well pleased to see himself deprived as it were of his birth-right in this manner—All the family resented it indeed as they ought, except this ill advised strange young man, who being a philosopher by profession, took upon him to defend his uncle's conduct, and to discover that he was well justified in pleasing himself—Fine doctrine indeed!—He chose, in despite of his father's orders, to reconcile himself to Lord Castledanes before he died, and with all his philosophy, perhaps, thought to have made some advantage of it; but if he did he was mistaken; for my Lord made no alteration in his will; only left a relation of his young wife's guardian to his children

children instead of his own family—and here's this young man, his brother Captain Delmont, and two sisters, very slenderly provided for."

"I am grieved, sincerely grieved indeed, to hear it," cried Dr. Winflow (whose respect and admiration towards his young host was now considerably abated)—"But, dear Madam, allow me to observe, that all this makes the measure I took the liberty of hinting at only the more requisite.—I would by all means in the world advise that your young kinsman forthwith proceeds to qualify himself for the church—he must have great patronage—~~—~~young men of family never fail to rise—he has talents too, doubtless, which it is a thousand pities have not been properly directed—but, no doubt, all that may be recovered—he may yet be an ornament to the profession—and he may emulate the sweet favour left, Madam, by your highly respectable and truly orthodox ancestor of happy memory."

This was touching a string to which the feelings of Mrs. Crewkherne strongly vibrated

vibrated—her family pride, particularly that which she felt from being the daughter of Dr. Crewkherne, who had wrote ten folio volumes of theological controversy, was one of the few sensations left her, from which she sometimes derived pleasure—her sharp face relaxed into something like a smile; yet soon screwing it up to its former asperity, she cried, “ Ah! Doctor! Doctor! all that might very possibly be, if this ill fated, and, as I said before, ill advised youth, was not guided absolutely by others—but unfortunately he has connected himself with those, of whom it is not uncharitable to say, Better had it been for them they had never been born.”——

“ Indeed!—Alas! dear Madam, how unfortunate!—But pray give me leave to ask, Who are these? and how have they obtained this unfortunate influence?”

“ One,” replied Mrs. Crewkherne, “ is, I am afraid, but too well known, Doctor—the poor wretch’s name is Armytage—a person whom I understand writes books—very bad books, I am afraid, from

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what some good friends of mine, and very good judges too, have told me—a person, Sir, who affirms, that by works alone we are safe, and—but I cannot fully my lips with his detestable maxims, which, however, are too many of them adapted to the shallow understandings of modern days—for to be sure, Doctor, you and I are fallen upon evil times!—A strange spirit is got about, and methinks the power of the wicked one is, for the sins of this generation, suffered to predominate.—My ever venerable and truly respectable father, the reverend Doctor Josiah Crewkherne, was accustomed to say, that the people in his time had not the true grace among them; and that their being suffered to read pamphlets and news-papers was a bad thing; for that they, being *ordained* only to work, and to live by the sweat of their brows, it was not fitting and right for them to look at matters above their sphere, and to comment on laws and on government. I remember it was a favourite maxim of his, and highly I honoured him,

him, who lately repeated it, 'the people have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them'—and a very bad symptom it is, as my most venerable father used to say, when any debates and questions are impertinently stated thereon.—Who then, Doctor, can help speaking with indignation of such men as this Armytage, who would dissolve all the chains of due subordination and obedience, and set the mechanic and the labourer a thinking when they ought to be working for their superiors; and who avail themselves of the foolish inexperience of wrong-headed youth, to teach them not to follow in the paths that have led up their progenitors to honours, and titles, and preferments, and fortune, but to find something they call reasons against the most eligible objects of human pursuit—such a man, Doctor Winslow, ought to be hunted out of society; yet such is the perversion of understanding among all ranks, that they tell me this man is almost adored by the half savage multitude—I do not wonder at *that*—we all know

know how a little drink, or a little pretence of doing them good, wins their *sordid* souls ; but that men of a *family* such as ours should be misled by him, or by any such men. Oh ! Doctor, Doctor ! it must be owned that such a dereliction of family principle, of the regard due to family rank, to family principle ! I protest I lose myself in indignation when I think of it—and what with the false notions imbibed from his education, and what with the ascendancy this man has got over him, he is in my opinion a cast away, a lost man !”

“ Come, come, let us hope not,” cried the Doctor. “ Dear Madam, your young kinsman cannot possibly fail to pay due deference to wisdom like your’s !”—The worthy Doctor, who had always been a prosperous man, had found that two modes of proceeding had greatly promoted his success in the world—abject flattery, and pretence of great attachment to whoever could promote his interest ; with the appearance of great orthodoxy and strictness :

ness: By these he had contrived to marry a woman of fortune while he was only a curate at eighty pounds a year; and by these, aided by that fortune, he was now possessed of benefices and emoluments which made him look up to lawn sleeves as of no very distant or difficult attainment.

Though he was so peevish in his own family, that he would not bear the slightest contradiction, he took peculiar pleasure in offering his advice to others, notwithstanding it was sometimes heard with indifference, sometimes with resentment, and hardly ever followed. He was, however, so little discouraged by the frequent failure of success, that his zeal for enlightning his neighbours on their conduct, seemed to increase in proportion as its inefficacy was evident; and he now, by the consent and even exhortation of Mrs. Crewkherne, set about directing the future conduct of George Delmont.

Mrs. Winslow, in the meantime, had been listening to the lamentations of her son,

son, and had engaged to obtain his father's permission to his going immediately to London. He had convinced his mother he ought to do so, by observing, that he could be of no use to his cousin; and that if he had any chance of matching Wildair, it would be now, when a great many gentlemen returned to town after their summer tours, and sold their horses; he thought too he could pick up a curricule almost as neat as his own—and these reasons were sufficient with his mother; indeed, he seldom produced any that were not. The Doctor, however, was more difficult to convince, and pshaw'd and pooh'd for some time before he could agree to his son's departure. Quick-sighted in every thing else, the worthy divine was totally blind to the feebleness of his son's mind. As to his person, the folly of his father exceeded even that of his mother, and they both imagined that he was the epitome of elegance and beauty. The Doctor, however, considered that his presence now
was

was not necessary to the promotion of their design on Miss Goldthorp—and he was at length induced to consent to his absence. His mother furnished him with all the money she could command; and he set forward to repair the loss he lamented, leaving his father delighted even with his failings, and thanking heaven that he had given him so proper an education, and that he was not likely ever to commit such errors as had been by Mrs. Crewkherne imputed to George Delmont.

C H A P. III.

"Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled,
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain head;
Or where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild."

NOT to leave the picture to be finished by the hard and cold pencil of Mrs. Crewkherne, George Delmont ought to be represented such as he was at Eton, where his uncle, Lord Castledanes, had placed, at an early age, both his nephews, whom he looked upon as his heirs.

Always taught from his first recollection to consider himself as such, Adolphus, the eldest of these boys, had never felt a wish that he did not imagine he had a right to gratify. During the early part of his life, the excellent sense of his mother had not been able to counteract the

the impressions given him, as well by his uncle, who was extremely fond of him, as by his tutor, who attended him to Eton, and the servants and dependants, who seldom fail to make their court to the heir of a noble house. The masters of a great school are apt to shew that pupils connected with title and fortune have a more than ordinary share of their regard; yet among boys of the same age there is always established a certain degree of equality, and to this Adolphus Delmont submitted with reluctance. As he was placed with only his brother, in a private house, attended by a servant, and under the immediate direction of a tutor, who had a large stipend for his trouble, he by no means liked to be confounded in the mass of those so well described by Gray, "as dirty boys playing at cricket"—He was mortified at the little consideration shewn him by his inferiors; the continual consciousness of his rank, to which they paid no manner of respect, kept him aloof from them; and his superiors he
liked

liked still less, because they seemed to demand from him the deference he was refused by others——Thus driven to the society of his tutor, whose favourite he was, he obtained the character of a fullen cold-blooded fellow, and a sap, though his passing much of his time, when out of school, with Mr. Jeans, his preceptor, had in reality nothing to do with any attention to books, with which he fatigued himself as little as possible.

Nothing could be more unlike him than his brother George—He had never been made of so much consequence by the people about him; and his mother, though more fondly attached to him than she had ever suffered to appear, had carefully guarded against his falling into the same error as his brother, and had taught him that the feelings of others were to be consulted as well as his own; he had never, therefore, supposed that the whole world ought to pause in silent concern if his illustrious head ached, and every one about him obey his caprice
and

and deprecate his ill-humour. George was sometimes silent without being grave or sullen—careless of the opinion of those he did not like, and scorning to use the least dissimulation, even when he felt himself wrong, to palliate his errors—Often indolent and neglectful, he had at other times fits of study, from which, however, it was not difficult for his friends to rouse him, and engage him in those violent exercises, in which, from the strength and agility of his frame, he particularly excelled.—He was frequently involved in scrapes for harmless frolics and trespasses out of bounds; but from the wildest excesses which the indulgence of these animal spirits led him into, he was recalled by a single word from any one he loved, though the harsh voice of authority wantonly exerted never failed to give something like obstinacy to his resistance. His intelligent countenance, and the acquisition of general information, above what is usually collected at his age, were evidences that his abilities

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were uncommon; yet such was his indolence, or dislike to the rules with which he was to begin his studies at school, that he fell into continual disgrace with the masters, and was left at the bottom of his class, while many a heavy lad, without the fiftieth part of his talents, looked down upon him with scorn. These violations of rules were frequent, and punishment had no effect to reclaim him; yet, unlike other boys, his eccentricities did not consist of parties on horseback to dine at a tavern, or sailing schemes on the water: he was sometimes indeed concerned in these frolics, but oftener sat out alone on a ramble he knew not whither, and yielding to the pleasure of temporary liberty, quite forgot the restraint imposed upon him, and threw himself down under a tree with some favourite book, then fell into a reverie as he listened to the wind among the branches, or the dashing of the water against the banks, where, among the reeds and willows crowding over the Thames, he not unfrequently delighted

to

to conceal himself from the mirth of his comrades, that gave him no pleasure, and from that needless rigour of enquiry which he felt to be an intolerable persecution. He never could understand that half the restraints imposed upon him did not originate rather in the wantonness of tyranny, that induces men to exercise power merely because they have it, than because it was really their duty to check the eccentricities of the boys whose education they undertook; and therefore, when Mr. Jeans, his private tutor, hunted him with acrimonious reproach from his beloved solitudes, and attempted to compel him to pass hours, which he considered as his own, in listening to uninteresting lectures, or parading details of his learning, George seldom attended with patience and obedience; yet while he was most eagerly bent to indulge himself in one of his favourite rambles, a single word from his brother, whom he loved, though they so little resembled each other; any thing like a reason why he should

not indulge himself, from one of the few school friends to whom he was attached, were at any time sufficient to turn him from his purpose; and other accidents often brought him home early from his intended rambles.

The allowance made by their uncle to both the brothers for pocket money was very liberal; it was well known to be so, and known also that George Delmont could never refuse a request, even when he had no regard, or hardly any acquaintance with the boy who made it. These borrowers very rarely remembered their promises of repayment, and George, who was very careless about money, never could prevail upon himself to remind them of it. Thus, when he had shaken off the officious Mr. Jeans, and was springing forth on one of those rambles which were his principal enjoyment, he was often stopped on the way by some piteous story of hunger, of houseless poverty, of disasters from fire or flood, from sickness or shipwreck—
a wounded

a wounded foldier fhewed him his mutilated limb—a fightlefs failor recounted how he had loft his eyes by lightning from heaven, or by an explofion of powder—an old man, bent to the earth by years or calamity, related that he had been driven from his home by the magiftrates or officers, who, when the fon who ufed to fupport him had been forced to go for a foldier, would compel the decrepid father to return to a remote parifh, whither his feeble limbs refufed to convey him—a woman pale and emaciated prefented herfelf, one infant hung on her breaft, two others following her; ſhe was the widow of an Irifh foldier, he was dead in the Weft Indies; ſhe was refufed relief in any parifh here; ſhe was begging her way to Ireland.—Such, and an infinite number of other objects, in all the ſad “variety of wretchednefs,” were before the eyes of George Delmont whitherfoever he turned—He had not learned, he would never liſten to the cold and cruel policy that Mr.

Jeans endeavoured most sedulously to inculcate—He would not believe that all these were impostors, as Jeans declared them to be; he would hardly allow that any of them ever deceived him, while his heart swelled with indignation against those whom these real or apparent sufferers described as having been the cause of their wretchedness, and against the systems through which only they could be inflicted. From detestation against individuals, such as justices and overseers, he began to reflect on the laws that put it in their power thus to drive forth to nakedness and famine the wretched beings they were empowered to protect; and he was led to enquire if the complicated misery he every day saw (a very very small part of so wide an evil) could be the fruits of the very best laws that could be framed in a state of society said to be the most perfect among what are called the civilized nations of the world. Whenever any of these unhappy wanderers presented themselves

selves in his walks, he forgot every project he had formed for the amusement of the day; he lost every desire but to relieve a fellow creature in distress, and as, from his thoughtless liberality to his school fellows, he was not unfrequently without a shilling, in such an evil hour he took the claimant on his pity to his dame's, and solicited his brother, or even Mr. Jeans himself, to supply him with the means of relieving the poor object.— Adolphus, sometimes influenced by the pride of giving, at others too indolent to resist importunity, generally gave him what he asked; but Mr. Jeans never wanted an excuse for denial, and instead of assisting the benevolent purpose of his pupil, teased him with remonstrance, or drove him away with reproof, while Mrs. Kempthwaite, the notable gentlewoman of the house, never failed, if she heard the debate, to become a party in it. Her reasons, however, for disliking paupers of every description were entirely on the surface; “she hated them,” she

said, "for they were nasty dirty creatures; the fellows and wenches were all thieves; she once lost a salt spoon by one of them whom Master George thought proper to bring to her door for cold victuals; it was true, indeed, he had bought her four very handsome spoons of the same sort, or perhaps a little heavier, but that, though it was very pretty of him, was nothing to the purpose; she could not away with having such tramps lurking round her door for ever; 't was a disgrace to the house, and she hoped, if Master George would not think better of it, that Mr. Jeans would speak to my Lord."

Her interest, however, with Mr. Jeans was in the mean time powerful enough to engage him to impede as much as he could this inconvenient philanthropy. His unfeeling apathy and systematic callousness on this point gradually gave to his youngest pupil such a distaste to his society, and scorn of his doctrine, that in proportion as he thought more of the duties

duties of mankind towards each other, and read more of those books, whose first recommendation had been Jeans's endeavours to prevent his reading them, he held his tutor more and more in abhorrence. While, however, Mr. Jeans knew himself to be a favourite with the elder brother, he had no apprehensions of being displaced by the dislike of the younger, and at once to gratify his own pique towards him, and effect a conscientious discharge of the duty entrusted to him, Mr. Jeans took every occasion to insinuate to Lord Castledanes and Mrs. Delmont the eccentric, and, as he feared, unfortunate disposition of the young man. Lord Castledanes, who really loved George better than any of his brother's children, gave very little attention to the malevolent hints of Jeans, whom he considered as a pedant without any but college ideas; while Mrs. Delmont, though she heard him with patience, found nothing in his complaints, when they were investigated,

but a confirmation of those excellent qualities which had endeared this boy to her even more than his brother. George, on his part, knew that Jeans, amidst all his pretences, was given to sensual indulgences altogether disgraceful to him, and particularly inconsistent with his pretended sanctity; yet such was the generosity of his nature, that he disdained to retaliate against the Tartuffe, he despised, and was eager to join with his brother in petitioning their uncle to bestow on Jeans a piece of preferment in his gift, though it did not remove him from his tutorship, but, as George had foreseen, made him more dogmatical, overbearing, and insufferable. This acquisition, however, had not increased to George Delmont the inconveniences of his government many months, before Lord Castledanes and Colonel Delmont agreed, that the time was come when it would be proper for Adolphus, then considered as the heir of the family, to make the tour of Europe.—Neither of them were
very

very partial to Mr. Jeans, but they considered that he had, from long habit, acquired great influence over the mind of his pupil. His deficiency of knowledge in the languages of the people he was going among, a foreigner hired for the purpose, something between a servant and a secretary, was to supply, and with this arrangement Adolphus Delmont had left Eaton about six months before his brother was seized with the epidemic distemper, which had in the event been so fatal to the interest as well as the happiness of his family.—At the period of his elder brother's departure, George had just completed his sixteenth year; the interval between that time and his being seized with this dangerous illness was that in which he had acquired more knowledge than during all his former studies pursued under the immediate direction of Mr. Jeans for about five years—He now understood perfectly what had before been so indistinctly communicated, or so distastefully enforced, that his atten-

tion had involuntarily recoiled. He was at the head of the school, and by his example imparted to such of his associates as had a turn for literature an ardent delight in its pursuits; he no longer wanted friends to whom he could communicate his pleasures, and who animated his enthusiasm by participation.—At liberty to chuse his own reading at his hours of private study, he had made a collection of his favourite poets and essayists. Some modern works, which Mr. Jeans had forbidden him ever to open at all, were purchased and read with attention, greater perhaps than he would have given them had they never been prohibited.—While Adolphus was travelling through France with the idea only of availing himself of such pleasures as were yet to be enjoyed amidst the fermentation of the great and awful changes that were approaching, George was anticipating and tracing their progress in the writings of those who have been supposed

posed to have contributed to their production.

While Adolphus was looking with common eyes on the scene where Tell had resisted the petty tyrant of his country, and Rousseau destroyed the hydra of false opinion and flattering prejudice, George was envying his brother the delights that he was incapable of tasting, sighing with boyish enthusiasm for the scenes of simple hospitality in the Pais de Vaud, and languishing to wander among Alpine rocks and torrents, and to gaze on an imaginary Clarens from the rocks of Meillerie.—Such was the disposition of his mind when he was overtaken by a disease that threatened his life, and so much affected his intellects, that he knew nobody but his mother; her image was the last impressed on his recollection when he sunk into total insensibility, and the first that returned to his memory when from that stupor he recovered to fall into something resembling

bling rather the understanding of a child of four or five years old than his own, in which state he remained for some days, till with his bodily strength his faculties were slowly repaired: he then looked round him in vain for the dear, the tender friend, whom he remembered had never left his bed, and who would, he thought, be the first to watch with maternal pleasure his return to life and reason—he asked for her, but received only evasive answers from the attendants—his sisters did not appear; what was become of them? and why did he not see them since his fever was gone, and there was no longer any reason to dread infection?—His father, he knew, was absent on military business in a distant part of England, but why did he not see his uncle, who used to be so anxious whenever any of the children, whom he considered as his own, were threatened with illness?—As these enquiries pressed upon his mind, he became more and more impatient and uneasy, and

and questioned his attendants with such eagerness of anxiety, that it was no longer possible for them to evade answering, if not by words, by the confusion and grief they could not conceal. The unhappy boy discovered that he had lost his beloved mother, and that neither his sisters or his uncle were sufficiently recovered from so dreadful a stroke to trust themselves with the sight of his anguish.—This shock, the first he had ever felt of sorrow, fell more heavily upon him; it was bitterly aggravated by the conviction that her tenderness for him had cost the life of this dear mother, a loss so irreparable to her family; and a thousand times he wished he had died, rather than have felt the agonies this cruel reflection brought with it. His despair, at first silent, sullen, and gloomy, was melted into tears when his weeping sisters sat by him, or when his uncle conjured him, if he insisted on believing that his mother's death was occasioned by her attendance on him,

not

not to throw away a life which had cost them all so dear. It was to save from more acute anguish, these fond friends, and to prepare to meet his father with some degree of calmness, that George Delmont, making an effort to stifle pain he could not conceal, learnt the first hard lesson of fortitude—His mind, strong and clear, found the practice of this virtue less difficult than he had supposed it when its exertion was necessary to the peace of those he loved—He meditated on the lessons he had received from his mother, and determined that they should not be thrown away—"I will live," said he, "to be the protector of your daughters, my adored mother; I will live to assist them in consoling my father and my uncle."—A deep yet soft melancholy succeeded the transports of grief he had at first indulged. Gradually he returned to the society of his mourning family; but except the silent walks he took with his younger sister, which were directed to every spot that had

been the favourite walks of their mother, and particularly those parts of the park and plantation which she had adorned by her taste, he seemed to covet nothing so much as solitude. Hiding himself in the deepest recesses of the woods that bounded the park, and shadowed the feet of the hills near it, he passed whole days alone, or was roused from the indulgence of this melancholy by the entreaties of his father. His father, however, was soon under the necessity of returning to his regiment; Mrs. Crewkherne was sent for to superintend the house, where his mother's sisters, the two Miss Lorimore's, were alike entreated by the master of it, and his brother the Colonel, to remain with the two Miss Delmonts (the eldest of whom, Caroline, was now only fifteen) and these their relations, one three, the other two years older.—George Delmont could not see without extreme pain the formal bigot, Mrs. Crewkherne, now directing a family where his mother had presided, the charm of every eye, the

the delight of every heart.—The cold austere manners, virulent prejudices, and malevolent temper of his ancient relation would have disgusted him, had he not continually had an image so different before his eyes. As he was more remarkable for a careless sincerity than for prudence, he took very little pains to conceal from any one his distaste for the old lady's precepts and conversation, and fled more continually than before to his beloved seclusion. While he there acquired a peculiar taste for the beauty of nature, and fell into a course of thinking which gave a colour to the rest of his life, his uncle, deprived of the society which had made his own house once so delightful to him (even amidst his former incurable domestic misfortune) now found no other resource so consoling as listening to a voice, in that of Miss Lorimer, resembling that of his deceased sister's, and in gazing on a countenance where he could sometimes trace a family resemblance to that charming woman so universally

universally regretted. This, it is true, became every day a more dangerous indulgence; yet of all those who might have ventured to have spoken of it, none seemed to have remarked its progress till the attachment to which it gave rise was become incurable.

Lord Castledanes, hitherto destined by his situation to look forward to no other views than the succession of his brother's family, now found himself at liberty to marry again, of which perhaps he would not have thought while his home had continued pleasant to him by the residence of his brother, his brother's wife, and their family, or if, in losing them, a less seducing object than Miss Lorimer had been continually present in it; but her ascendancy, though without any appearance of artful management on her side, soon became such as conquered every uneasy reflection on the disappointment of his brother; and he imagined that he could so soften it, that their
friendship

friendship would not be broken by his marriage.

Mrs. Crewkherne, who ventured to mutter obliquely on what she saw going on, was so accustomed to give indulgence, whenever she could venture, to her petulant malignity, and she thought so ill of every body, and so much delighted to misrepresent the most innocent actions, that none of the young people listened to her malicious and half-uttered sarcasms. The two Miss Delmonts considered their mother's sisters, who were so little superior to them in age, as no more likely to be objects of any thing but fatherly friendship from their uncle than they were themselves; and as to their brother George, who would probably have been more clear sighted, he insensibly absented himself more and more from the house, and as autumn came on shut himself up almost entirely at the Upwood Cottage, which was always called his own, under pretence of the greater convenience

ence with which he could from thence follow field sports, in the pursuit of which, however, it was remarked, he was never seen; very little, therefore, was known of the intentions of Lord Castledanes till he was actually the husband of the fair Mariana.—A few weeks before, the lady and her sister went to London, to pass some time with the only female relation they had—Lord Castledanes followed them very soon afterwards to attend parliament, and the first certain intelligence of this great change in the family was received by Colonel Delmont, then under orders for the West Indies. Thunderstruck with an event which annihilated for ever his flattering prospects, and smarting under the disappointment which his habits of life and manner of thinking had a peculiar tendency to embitter, he wrote, in the first moment of passion, an angry and reproachful letter to his brother, directed that his daughters and his youngest son should immediately remove from their uncle's house,
and

and go to Upwood Cottage, till he should consider how to dispose of them, forbidding their having any communication either with their uncle or the new Lady Castledanes. He wrote also angrily to Mrs. Crewkherne, declaiming against her blindness, either wilful or foolish, which had prevented her giving him notice of the mischief which had happened, and then embarked for a climate already at that period so fatal to Europeans. George Delmont no sooner knew the purport of his father's letters, which so painfully marked the state of his mind, than he hurried to Falmouth with the utmost expedition, hoping to see him, and soothe his irritated spirits before his departure; but on his arrival he found that the fleet had sailed eight-and-forty hours before with a fair wind, and he could procure no vessel that would engage to overtake it. He then returned as expeditiously as possible, though with an heavy heart, to obey his father's injunctions as to the removal

removal of his sisters. On reaching the house, he found Mrs. Crewkherne had not waited for his interposition, but as full of indignation as if she alone had been the injured person, had taken the eldest of the young ladies, who was her peculiar favourite, to town with her, and had left the youngest at Upwood. This house having been always called George's, and indeed his uncle having given it to him with the little estate round it while he was yet a boy, Colonel Delmont, as well as Mrs. Delmont, who lived very much there, had always affected to consider themselves as his visitors. Mrs. Crewkherne did not love George, and would not become resident in his house without a formal invitation; but as she as little loved her younger niece, she did not wish for her as an addition to her family when she resumed her former manner of living at her house in town. Again she assembled round her her friends, advocates for faith without works; and as an instance of the supererogation
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by which she recommended herself to their admiration, she introduced her niece, and told the lamentable story of her relation's change of fortune by the most imprudent and ill-advised marriage of Lord Castledane's, whose future infelicity she prognosticated as a matter past all dispute from the nature of his new connection. Miss Delmont, who was one of those of the Colonel's children who suffered most acutely from the alteration in the circumstances of her family, was a young woman whose character, or rather rudiments of character, had yet had no opportunity of appearing. She had an extremely pretty face, and a light and beautiful form; she had learned, and better than is generally learned, all that is taught in the modern system of education under the name of accomplishments, excelled only by her sometimes tutorefs (now doubly her aunt) the beautiful syren, Lady Castledane's. The adulation which Miss Delmont had been used to hear, the pleasure with which she

she had hitherto found herself listened to, either by friends extremely partial, or visitors who imagined they could not be too lavish of their praises to a niece of Lord Castledanes, all, all, were at an end, or exchanged for cold compliments from the sectaries who composed Mrs. Crewkherne's coteries, who very soon began to tell her, that a too sedulous cultivation of such talents was sinful, unless they were dedicated wholly to pious purposes; that so fine a voice was lent her for better ends than to give advantage to seductive and ill-meaning songs; and that nothing became the mouth of a young woman but such pieces of poetry as were to be found in the books they recommended to her, or were to be studied in her excellent relation, Mrs. Crewkherne's repository. These the mortified girl sometimes sung to oblige her aunt; but in spite of her being little accustomed to reflect on the purport of what she uttered, she could not help being disgusted with the

strange cant many of them contained, which even appeared to her profane. Indifferent, however, to please in such society as she was now condemned to, she sunk into languor, or was roused from it only by considering how she might remove into a manner of life more to her taste; for nothing could be so irksome to a young woman of her age, who had been so much admired, as to be confined to the company of itinerant preachers, or ladies of a certain age, who divided their time between the chapel and the card table; and it was to obtain some change at least, if not alteration for the better, that Miss Delmont had now for two summers prevailed on Mrs. Crewkherne to pass at least some weeks at Upwood, which she was the more easily disposed to do, because her friends at this period were generally dispersed at places of public resort, where there were established assemblies of their brethren. It was in some sort derogatory to her ideas of gentility, which were

were supported in the midst of her affected humility, to remain in London, when all people of a certain rank had left it, and as Lord Castledanes for the last two years never visited for above a day or two Belton Tower, the objection she would have had to residing in his neighbourhood was obviated, and she was prevailed upon to indulge her niece with a visit to her brother and sister, a visit which, for the sake of both his sisters, George, unused as he was to it, and awkward at dissimulation, affected to desire, while in truth there was no sound that could reach his ears half so unpleasant to them as the voice of Mrs. Crewkherne; nor did the fortune she possessed, which was entirely at her own disposal, ever influence him for a moment to practise any of those arts, or bend to any of those concessions, by which the favour of women of her description is generally courted, and frequently secured—He wished his sisters might pos-

less this fortune, which was reckoned to be about eighteen thousand pounds, and for their sakes submitted to the residence of Mrs. Crewkherne at his house, however disagreeable to himself.

C H A P. IV.

“ Why should a man put on fetters, though of silver? wherefore should he love chains, though of wrought gold?”

WHEN the second marriage of his uncle so unexpectedly took place, George Delmont had been some time entered at Oxford, and was then keeping a term there.

In consequence of the letter and orders he received from his father, he hastened to Belton Tower, where he found only Louisa, his youngest sister, under the care of the old Swiss governess, who had been for many years in the family. Mrs. Crewkherne had some days before, and almost immediately after having been apprized of the marriage, set forth for London with her eldest niece, for whom she had affected to feel some partiality, while Louisa, whose only offence was her

great resemblance to her mother, was thus, in addition to her other losses, suddenly deprived of the society of her sister, from whom she had never been separated till her former journey with her aunt. The first care of George was to soothe with the tenderest attention the dejected and deserted girl, now dearer to him than ever, because she seemed to have no protection or reliance on earth but him. Having removed her to the house at Upwood, of which he was henceforth to be considered as the master, and restored in some degree the cheerfulness of which so many deprivations had robbed the innocent Louisa ; it was then that the young man began to look forward towards his own future prospects, in which, as well as in those of the rest of his family, the recent event was likely to occasion a very great change.

The destiny of Adolphus, his eldest brother, had been so far fixed, that he already held a lieutenancy in the guards, in which it was, when he took it, very improbable

probable that he should be exposed to more personal danger than his friends would have chosen for the heir of the Earl of Castledanes; but the Colonel, in the first effervescence of resentful passion, purchased for him a captaincy of infantry, and wrote to him to return from Florence, where he then was, and enter on immediate service.

“You have no longer an uncle, Delmont,” said the Colonel in this letter, “and I cannot support you in the way you have had hitherto so good a right to expect. I have determined, though I might still have evaded it, to join my regiment in the West Indies; for I am now a mere soldier of fortune, and you must hereafter make your way—the captain of a company of foot. Your future establishment shall not depend for a month, for a week, on the infatuated man who was once my brother, now the slave of that worthless little forcerefs, whom your mother nourished in her bosom, little knowing that she would sting to

death the children of her sister and benefactress.—Dismiss all the persons you have about you, but your own servant—I can no longer afford to pay Mr. Jeans the salary allotted to him, and he will do well to find some young English traveller, to whom his care on the journey back, or on a longer tour, may be acceptable. The considerable benefices he has received from the family may repay him for past services. For yourself, you will on your return to England make a short visit to your brother and sisters, and then join your regiment wheresoever it happens to be; but I charge you on your duty to me, and your respect for yourself, to suffer no consideration whatever to induce you to meet Lord Castledanes.”

Colonel Delmont, before he sailed from Falmouth, had forwarded a copy of this letter to his youngest son, enjoining him at the same time, with even more strictness and severity, to avoid any communication with his uncle; injunctions which were extremely painful to George Delmont,

mont, and of which (while he determined as far as he could to obey them) he could not help feeling the injustice.

No pleasure now remained for Delmont in places where he had once tasted so much unadulterated delight. If he rode out, he passed near, or saw from distant heights, the trees that surrounded the house, or were grouped in the park of his uncle, and he imagined that second parent looking with some regret for the figures that once peopled the scene.

Lord Castledanes, however, came very seldom to Belton Tower; when he did, it was alone, and only for a few days, to settle such business as might occasionally require his attention. The old servants, for hardly one of them had been removed, imagined they saw their Lord, when he thus visited the place of his former (almost constant) residence, less cheerful than he used to be when the family of his brother was around him; but by the servants who accompanied him from Lon-

don they heard of the gaiety of his town-house, the splendor of the new equipages, and the taste of "*my Lady*." No body was so richly and finely dressed at court as "*my Lady*;" and the compliments she had received were repeated, as the footmen and grooms heard them from the maids, who heard them from Mrs. Gingham, who probably heard them from "*my Lady's*" sister, if not from "*my Lady*" herself; and very magnificent accounts were given of sundry sayings, wise and witty, of persons of the most elevated rank, who had been supping at "*my Lady's*." My Lord, seemed already sunk into a secondary figure; and Delmont, as he listened pensively, and not without an uneasy sensation, to the narratives thus given by his own servants, who had long lived with him, and whom he had indulged in habits of talking to him, could not refrain from asking himself, whether the friend, the uncle he loved so much, was happy in this new mode of life? and when
his

his own taste and turn of mind compelled him to answer in the negative, or at least with doubt and hesitation, he found himself affected by these doubts, and drove them from him as useless and injurious to his own peace: it was more to the purpose to consider, since he was almost entirely left to himself, how he should decide as to the pursuit or profession that was to be chosen for the rest of his life.

His father, wholly engaged by the sudden and mortifying change which had happened in his own views, and in those of his eldest son, seemed to have had no time or consideration left for the regulation of those of the younger.

Though George Delmont had gone to Oxford after his recovery, it was because he was of an age to go thither, rather than return to Eton, that he was sent; and because he already had learned all that a great school teaches as to books, and had miraculously escaped, from the singularity of his temper, all those early *tendencies* to vice which such a school is by some supposed

to encourage ; it was partly too to remove himself from a scene where every object around him, every face he saw, reminded him of his irretrievable loss, that he eagerly embraced his uncle's offer of sending him to the university. The time he had passed there he by no means repented ; yet now his circumstances were so changed, that he saw not how he was to support the expence ; nor, if he could, how it would be worth while so to bestow it, unless he determined to devote himself to one of the learned professions.

From law, where the most honest must in a great degree thrive on the perplexities, quarrels, and distresses of others, he was utterly averse. Medicine, that noble profession, which is never enough respected, but which, when attentively studied and conscientiously followed, is the most beneficial of any to the human race, required a course of application and habits of life for which he knew himself to be altogether unfit. The church alone remained, and to provide for him

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in it had probably been the intention of Lord Castledanes; but of this Delmont thought with reluctance. No man could more highly venerate the character of "a good priest"—a man dedicated in heart and spirit to the edification and instruction of the world—but he felt himself too ignorant on all theological subjects, to believe he should ever be in that line what he felt he ought to be, if ever he undertook it; and he doubted whether the enquiries that would perhaps satisfy himself, might qualify him to convey, in sincerity of heart, such doctrine to those who might be entrusted to him, as the oaths he should take would make a part of his duty.—That it was done without reflection every day he knew—but though many who did it were, for aught he knew, very good sort of people, he felt it impossible for him to follow their steps.

The vague plans that had arisen and disappeared in his family, while he was yet a boy, for his future destination in life,

life, were now no longer remembered; and that they had never been pursued, he could not prevail with himself to be sorry.

When his high health and unchecked spirits had (yet at a very early period) given him the character of a wild fellow, a Pickle, his father and his uncle had apparently destined him to a military life: they sometimes saw another Wolfe in his daring yet calm courage, or fancied, in the then sturdy and spirited navigator of a boat on the lake of the park, a future admiral destined to extend the conquests or avenge the quarrels of "the cabinet of St. James's."—But Mrs. Delmont, though she never violently opposed these speculations, which might fail of themselves, had the art to regulate, without crushing, the ardent spirit that occasionally gave rise to them; she seemed to have in her hands the heart of her son, to be able to mould it as she pleased, and the use she made of her power was to teach him to reason

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on every thing he learned, instead of seeing all objects, as they are represented, through the dazzling and false medium of prejudice, communicated from one generation to another; while nobody, or at least very few, dare to ask, "if I try to do as *those* men have done, shall I really acquire glory; and shall I run *no* risque of being a curse rather than a benefit to the world?"

Mrs. Delmont ventured to strip from the gaudy pictures that are daubed with vermilion and leaf gold, to excite emulative ambition in childhood, their paint and their gilding, and she had reason, long before death snatched her from this dearest object of her maternal love, to hope that her youngest son might be one day something better than either a general or an admiral—the benefactor instead of the successful destroyer of his fellow men.

Delmont had at a very early age required a more general and correct knowledge of history than is usually obtained;
and

and his mother had accustomed him, when he read the lives, to give a summary account of his idea of the characters of those who figure in the annals of nations, decorated with crowns,* and sceptres,

* A few examples may suffice from the histories we are most familiar with—those of France, Spain, and alas! of England.—“The political well-wrought veil,” with which the follies and enormities of the rulers of the earth would willingly be concealed, may surely be torn (even at the present moment) from such monsters as Louis the Eleventh and Charles the Ninth of France, on whom (to say nothing of most of the rest) the holy cruise certainly bestowed its sacred contents very ill. In Spain it is enough to name “the demon of the South,”—and England, the country of good sense and of manly daring, has seen its best blood manure its fields in the senseless contention between the rival houses of York and Lancaster; endured the brutal tyrant Henry the Eighth; and saw without resistance the fires of Smithfield lighted by the bigot-fury, his execrable daughter; crouched at the feet of Elizabeth, that compound of feminine weakness and masculine ferocity; and in the Solomon of the North (a miserable imbecile being, who wrote a treatise on Witchcraft, and was hurried into war to gratify the romantic intriguing

sceptres, or who have otherwise been the curses or the blessings of the people over whom they usurped power, or *by* whom they were entrusted with it.

Much (alas how much) of this retrospection was painful to the generous feelings of his heart; and often had he been tempted to ask, wherefore heaven gave a portion of its delegated authority to such hateful or contemptible beings as had insulted its creatures, and deformed its works, under the title of "the lords anointed," or some other imposing appellation through which the wretched people submitted to be trod to dust?

Mrs. Delmont had sometimes found intriguing spirit of Stenny, a name childishly given by James to his minion the Duke of Buckingham) still venerated the consecrated folly of the Lord's anointed.—It is needless to go on.—What the English people afterwards suffered from the period when Charles the First set up the standard at Nottingham till the *blessed* restoration—the miseries inflicted by the contention between James and our glorious deliverer, from the expulsion of the first-named monarch, till "the affair of Glencoe;"—and the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745, may be read as antidotes to a change of kings.

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it necessary to check the indignation of her infant politician; who, after he was nine or ten years old, never voluntarily sat down to read pages that seemed almost exclusively the annals of fraud and murder, of selfish ambition, or wicked policy, involving millions in misery for the gratification of a few.

But there were characters in more remote history, which he contemplated with very different sensations—He read of the elder Brutus avenging the injured honour of a Roman matron on the insolent and cruel family of Tarquin, and cementing the structure of the infant republic, of which he thus laid the foundation, with blood dearer than that which circulated in his own veins. He read of the Gracchi * dying in the noblest

* Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, grandsons of Scipio Africanus, who, being tribunes, attempted to enact laws for restoring to the Roman people their share of the conquered lands, of which the nobles and the rich had most unjustly deprived the poorer citizens. They both fell in tumults raised

blest conflict, contending for the rights of humanity against the selfish usurpations of the rich—He contemplated the younger Brutus deploring the friend, while he devoted to death the tyrant that would have enslaved his country—He saw Cato dying by his own hand, rather than survive its freedom—These and some other such characters seemed to electrify the young student; his eyes flashed fire, his heart beat, and the glorious examples of virtuous patriotism appeared to raise his species in his estimation, which he had sometimes thought so degraded by its endurance of oppression, that he felt ashamed of belonging to it.

The impressions made thus early on the mind are never likely to be erased or enfeebled, if reason is suffered to stifle all those paltry passions by which men raised against them by the patricians, whose adherents were armed and mustered to destroy these illustrious brothers—and the people ignobly forsook them!

coming

coming into life are induced to follow blindly where their interest leads them, and to become the mere creatures of convenience and convention.—Delmont, early taught to have on every point an opinion of his own, now looked at the paths that lay open before him without prejudice, and having done so he determined to yield his freedom to none of those motives which the love of power or of wealth might hold out to him, but to live on his little farm unfettered by the rules he must submit to if he entered into any profession. “I am aware,” said he, as he argued this matter with himself, “that I shall incur the ridicule of some and the blame of others. ‘What! a young man of *your* family,’ cries one, ‘to bury himself in solitude, to cultivate turnips, and let his talk be of bullocks.’ ‘What!’ cries another, ‘have you no more regard for the honour of your family, than to degrade yourself to the condition of one of their tenants? you, who might be a judge or a bishop! a general,

a general or an admiral!—will you sink into a yeoman?'—Yes, my good friends, I shall answer,—I *will* do so indeed; my talk may occasionally be of bullocks, but I trust I shall be able to converse also of other things. If my family are ashamed of me, they have only to leave me out of their genealogical table, as an unworthy branch of the tree, bent towards its native earth, and no longer contributing to their splendid insignificance. If my friends blush for me, let them leave me with a sigh of compassion, though assured that I shall not feel a single emotion of envy when I see one on the bench of Themis condemning wretches legally to die on the gallows, or on the bench of bishops, lending their weight to laws that send forth myriads to slaughter in the field; nor shall I once regret, that I do not with a truncheon in my hand preside myself at those human sacrifices, either by land or sea, where men are collected together by hundreds and by thousands;

sands; are ordered to destroy each other, they know not, they dare not enquire, why?"——

The resolution thus taken by Delmont gained strength almost every hour, as the tranquil utility of the life he had chosen acquired greater value in his eyes. He then, for the first time since he became its master, saw the spot he was so devoted to adorned with all the beauty of summer, and his grief for his mother, mellowed and softened by time, was not wholly unmixed with melancholy delight, while he sedulously attended to the plantations she had projected, and was daily carrying into execution other schemes for the improvement of the grounds which she had pointed out, while even the first year of his farming succeeded so well, that he had no reason to believe he should repent, even in pecuniary considerations, the election he had made.

Deprived of one sister, he applied himself to improve the mind of her who
was

was left to him. Louisa had great sweetness of temper, and loved her brother better than any other being now on earth. Whatever he named to her as worth acquiring, she immediately applied to, and was soon qualified to speak with propriety on most subjects of general knowledge; but Delmont, amid her attentions to please him, and her improvement in every study that tended to make her a rational companion, saw, and saw with tender apprehension for her future happiness, a sort of pliability of intellect, which made him fear that her character would not be formed on reason and conviction, but on the sentiments and conduct of those among whom she might be thrown. She was now the simple yet well-informed child of nature; but from the ductility of her spirit, he apprehended, that if she should be elevated into what is called high life, she would as easily glide into the mere flutterer of a few seasons of fashionable dissipation, or the artificial puppet of a drawing-room.

George

George thought the daughter of his mother ought to be of an higher order of beings; it was enough, that to this insignificant class of raree-show figures, the elder of those daughters was already destined; and he incessantly laboured to rescue the younger from the uninteresting group of those who have "*no character at all.*"

Mrs. Delmont had built in the southward aspect of the small but pleasant house her youngest son and daughters now inhabited, a little conservatory, into which some of its windows, both of the ground floor and the first floor, opened; it was——

"A fortress where Flora retreats

"From the cruel assaults of the clime;"

and every plant, every flower, which were now uncommonly beautiful and flourishing, seemed to George Delmont to speak to him of his mother.—It was there he read, or meditated, or taught Louisa to draw scientifically the blossoms which perfumed the air, or the uncultivated

tivated flowers which every hedge and bank supplied them with; and it was there he was sitting with her, when Captain Delmont, whom his father's letters had at length brought home, though he had been expected much sooner, broke in upon them—They had never seen him since the death of their mother, the marriage of their uncle, and the consequent dispersion of the family.

C H A P. V.

"Oh! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst *but* know how many fathom deep I am in love!"

IF in the younger part of their lives the disposition of the two brothers had always appeared essentially different, the contrast was now more striking. George, with all the courage and fortitude that reflection and integrity give to a superior mind, had yet so much softness of heart, that when he saw Adolphus, and remembered all that had happened since they last parted, he yielded to momentary tears: his elder brother appeared to notice such weakness only to express his contempt of it. Of all the changes which had taken place in his family, he regretted nothing so much as the loss of those expectations which he had been educated to suppose must infallibly be realized

realized on the deaths of his father and uncle; and he did not affect to conceal his indignation at the disappointment, nor to signify to his brother George, who attempted to appease and soften the malignity and resentment with which he spoke of Lord Castledanes, that *he* was only less disturbed because he had lost less. "It may be a matter of indifference to *you*," said he, "for you, as my younger brother, could only more remotely suffer from the folly of this dotard; but to *me*, Mr. George Delmont, I assure you, it is not a thing to be slightly passed over—it is something to *me*, whether I possess the estate and rank of my ancestors or not."

But though every other plan of life, and every other object seemed sometimes beneath his regard, yet at other times the elder Delmont was as eagerly anxious about every pecuniary advantage as if he had never looked beyond the patrimony he was now likely to inherit. He knew that of his father's and mother's fortune, which together had never been large, ten

thousand pounds were settled on him, and ten upon younger children, which gave to his brother George and his two sisters something more than three thousand pounds each; but unequal as *they* might well have thought this division, it yet appeared to him to secure to them too much; for he knew that whenever his father died he should in fact have less than they would, for he had already disposed of his own share, except about fifteen hundred pounds, in that accommodating way called post obit: he now therefore felt, and could hardly refrain from expressing his discontent, that his brother should have landed property, though the house and farm at Upwood were not worth above three thousand pounds. "Hard indeed," he said, "that *he*, who was the eldest brother, was to turn out like a necessitous cadet, while you," added he, sneeringly, "are in time, I suppose, to represent the landed interest of the Delmont family; and as you know what you are about well enough

enough to keep in favour of the foolish old peer, may be brought in as one of his county members."

"If I were," replied George, "I do not see that there would be any thing wrong in it; but assure yourself, neither that or any other advantage would engage me to commit any meanness to obtain the suffrage either of Lord Castledanes or any other man. As to keeping in favour with the old peer, if you mean by that, that I have sought to be received by my uncle, though forbidden to do so by my father, I tell you that you have been misinformed."

"Well, be not angry, my young Agricola," replied Adolphus Delmont; "I only repeat what I have heard, that old nunky looks upon you as still belonging to him, and sings forth your praises, *a gorge déployé*, while he deigns not to name my father or me. Hang him, an old fool, if I could get him to let me have money, I should take leave of him for ever without a single thought of him,

but when I happened to think how he has cheated me of my birth-right."

Such conversation (and for the few days he staid Adolphus seldom held any other) was extremely painful to his brother, who could not help seeing how selfish, arrogant, and unfeeling he was. His opinion of public affairs fluctuated too as interest or caprice directed, and to-day he ridiculed and vilified the people whose favour he to-morrow determined to court by any means however degrading. Of principle of any kind he seemed entirely devoid, even on points where most men, however free in their opinions, have some degree of delicacy and sensibility. Thus he praised the prudence of Caroline, his eldest sister, "who has done wisely," said he, "in attaching herself to that witch of Endor Mrs. Crewkherne, she'll get the old hag's money, and with that she may perhaps marry, as a niece of Lord Castledanes ought to do, some man of fashion. But what is to become of *you*, Louisa?" said he, one day when they were alone.

alone. "George, I suppose, when he has rooted himself here a little longer, will be much about as polished and as much of a gentleman as those cropped greasy-headed jostkins's that used to dine twice a year in the hall at Belton Tower; fellows who call themselves yeomen, or gentlemen farmers—he begins to look like one already, and as if he was always ready to ask—" *How a score of good wethers?*" The next thing to his entire metamorphose will be his marrying Miss Nanny Peafely, or Miss Jenny Bacon, or the widow Hogtrow, or, perhaps, if none of these happen to charm him, his own dairy maid, Betsy Butterbur, may enchant him by her skill in churning and raising poultry; and let me ask you, Louisa Delmont, what is to become of you?" Poor Louisa could answer only by her tears. Her elder brother, totally unmoved by them, changed his voice and look, and added sternly—"Though by your father's absence and mine,

Louisa, you must be left for the present under George's care, yet I charge you, child, in my father's name and my own, not to suffer any degrading and ungentlemanlike notions of equality, and such cursed stuff, to influence you. I speak as I know your father would speak, when I say, that if you ever presume to think of any body under your own rank, you will be no longer considered as a daughter of his, or as a sister of mine; and it were better for you to go hide yourself in a convent in Italy or Spain, than to fix a disgrace upon us which we should never overlook. I know how girls, and particularly how girls of your temper, are influenced by people they live among; and I tell you my mind, that you may not affect ignorance. We are humbled enough, I think, without sinking into the rank of plebeians, roturiers, fellows who live by digging.—I had rather see a sister of mine mistress to a prince than wife to the richest peasant." With such sentiments, though he did not quite so grossly

grossly declare them to George, it is not likely that either of them found much pleasure in the society of the other; and Adolphus, having borrowed two hundred pounds of his brother, returned to London, passed about a month among his old friends in and about St. James's-street, and then, rather from necessity than choice, joined the regiment, in which his father had purchased him a company, at Gibraltar.

Not long after his departure, information was received of the death of Colonel Delmont. His brother Lord Castledanes survived him only seven months, leaving a son about a year old, and his young widow near lying in of a second child; it was born two months after his death, and was also a son, so that the probability of the Colonel's family succeeding to the estate and title was more remote than ever.

Lord Castledanes, notwithstanding the declared enmity of his brother since his marriage, had not changed a will he had

made some time before, but had executed with some additions to it a little before his death.—He gave in a codicil two thousand pounds to each of his nephews, and one thousand to each of his nieces, to be paid in six months after his decease. A maternal uncle of his second wife, Sir Appulby Gorges, he named as his executor.

George Delmont, conquering his aversion from Mrs. Crewkherne, that his sisters might not be divided, had invited her with Caroline to pass at Upwood the summer after these events, and the family were in their last mourning for Colonel Delmont and Lord Castledanes, when chance brought the Winflow family to their acquaintance.

When, from what they could collect from Mrs. Crewkherne and the servants, the curiosity of the Doctor and Mrs. Winflow was in a great degree satisfied, wonder succeeded.—The Doctor was astonished that such a young man was *suffered* so to throw himself away; and
blamed

blamed the improvidence of those who had superintended his education, "for, madam," said he to Mrs. Crewkherne, strutting round the room with an air of sententious consequence, "it is an axiom as old as Solomon, 'Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom.'—Now it is plain that the good lady, your kinsman's mother, took another method, and I grieve that the fruits thereof may be the loss of a valuable member of our ever excellent establishment.—I do indeed wonder, as you say she was accounted a woman of sense, what could so mislead her?"

Mrs. Crewkherne then seized the opportunity, as was usual with her, to declaim against what she called new fangled and pernicious modes of thinking and acting, and while she was so engaged Mrs. Winslow wondered at her warmth, which sometimes led her into terms which were any thing rather than elegant.—She was surprised that possessing so

handsome a fortune, and being so highly connected, Mrs. Crewkherne should pass so much time in this lonely residence, *elegant* as it was, and not be more frequently at some of the neighbouring places of public resort—and already wearied in a place where there was little more to hear, and where a rubber was with difficulty made up, she understood with concern from the surgeon who attended Miss Goldthorp, that it would yet be some time before his patient could with safety be moved.

Miss Goldthorp was not at all disposed to hasten the period. She had already seen and thanked her gallant preserver, and the interview had been, to use her own expression, “destructive to her repose.”—As she had always been taught to consider *herself* as a person of very great consequence in the scale of beings, she felt proportionably obliged to him who had been the cause that the world still possessed so amiable a personage;—but when she had seen him, she was
tempted

tempted to imagine that heaven had performed a miracle in her favour, and sent an hero to her rescue, such as fables feign when they tell of demigods and knights endowed with supernatural powers.—Soft was her voice, and modulated to the tenderest notes of grateful sensibility, while she thanked him in chosen and studied words for his interposition—She sat up in a easy chair, in an elegant dishabille, and cast on him, from among the laced plaits of an elegant close cap, eyes of the most languishing gratitude. All this had been settled before she discovered that the young man to whom she was so much obliged was one of the handsomest men in England. During the few moments he staid with her she became distractedly in love with him, and before he had quitted her half an hour, it was determined in the secret council she held with herself, that George Delmont should be the fortunate possessor of herself

self and her fifty thousand pounds. If the hopes she had allowed to her guardian and her aunt, that she would bestow on their son these invaluable blessings, crossed her mind in the midst of this new and rapturous project, she drove the recollection from her with disdain, and thought only how she might convey to the dear youth, with a proper regard to her own delicacy, information of her favourable disposition, and engage him to make those advances which she doubted not a moment of his making with rapture the moment he knew they would be favourably received.

Miss Goldthorp was a young lady naturally of a very tender and susceptible nature, and who, notwithstanding her aunt boasted of the care she had taken to prevent it, was very deeply read in romance and novels, by some one or other of the heroines of which she occasionally "set her mind," so that with a great versatility of character she rarely appeared in her own.—

As

As she hardly remembered an hour since she was ten years old, when she had not heard of a lover from her friends or her maid, she could never divest herself of a sort of restless coquetry, which, when no other object was at hand, condescended to amuse itself with the mawkish attempts of Middleton Winslow to express the passion his father and mother had insisted on his feeling for her. She sometimes affected to encourage, but oftener laughed at him; and when only in parties of young people, and unobserved by the Doctor or his wife, she took a malicious pleasure in turning his lackadaisical-love-making into ridicule before some other pretender to her favour, and then having made him as angry as he dared to be, entreated him to go weeping to papa and mama—"for you know, Middy," would she cry, "that we shall both suffer for it; papa will preach to the naughty girl, and mama will pout, and they'll both plague me, and then I shall

shall revenge myself on you."—Middleton, therefore, when she had treated him the worst, dared not complain; and as in reality he cared as little for her as she did for him, he never gave himself the trouble to undeceive the good folks, who supposed that Miss Goldthorp, however she might trifle and coquet with other men, must see this son of their's with eyes as partial as their own.

The hour was now come when they were to enjoy this agreeable delusion no more.—The longer the fair invalid reflected on the delight of making the fortune of the man she loved, the more charming the project appeared; but when she heard again and again Delmont enquiring after the progress of her recovery, with what she imagined the tenderest solicitude; when she found that he continued to assist his sisters in amusing the tedious hours of her confinement, brought her books, sent for others

others to a friend's library, which she expressed a wish to see, sometimes relieved the Miss Delmonts in reading aloud to her, and sometimes brought collections of prints, drawings, and books of natural history, to give variety to these long sedentary evenings; but above all, when she beheld his very handsome person, which she thought improved at every interview, her heart was irrecoverably gone, and she thought, she dreamed, of nothing but to inspire the fortunate Delmont with a passion as fervent as she believed her own to be.

For this purpose, while she took care not to make so rapid a progress in her recovery, as to hasten their departure, she endeavoured always to be well enough to admit of visits, from which, under pretence of fearing noise and heat, she contrived as often as possible to exclude the card table of Mrs. Crewkherne; and as one of the Miss Delmonts was often compelled to make a fourth in that
most

most formidable party, she frequently succeeded in having the brother and the other sister alone.

On these occasions all the artillery of looks and sighs, and half expressions, was called forth. Sometimes she was in pain from the broken bone, and then her complaints were stifled with the most interesting fortitude, because she would not give a moment's concern to her beloved friend Louisa—for they were already prodigious friends. Her eyes, which were large, and grey, and rolling (though she had always been assured, and was convinced they were blue) those eyes which so many ensigns and lieutenants, cornets and curates, nay even counsellors, had accused of high crimes and misdemeanors, now exerted all their power of soft seduction. They were fixed in gentle languor on the face of "the dear youth," whenever his were turned another way; but the moment he looked towards her, they were cast down with bewitching consciousness,

consciousness, and no pains were spared to add to their expression by a blush ; but it was not always to be had ; however a broken sigh was no bad substitute. The sisters, young and inexperienced as they were, soon understood all this—but after the third or fourth essay, the tender fair one began to doubt whether her battery was effective, and to dread lest the citadel was already in possession of another.

CHAP. VI.

"A busy officious body; one that lives at folks' houses as half spy over the servants, half friend to the master—a tale-bearer, a gossip."

THOUGH by no means endowed with any extraordinary degree of penetration, yet was Mrs. Winslow right in her conjecture, that whatever growing partiality Miss Goldthorp might feel for her gallant deliverer, *he* was hitherto insensible of any particular partiality towards *her*. In the conjecture that the rest of the house were equally eager for so opulent a marriage she was also right. Mrs. Crewkherne indeed took pains to conceal how much she wished it, because she was aware of the intentions of the reverend Doctor and his lady on behalf of their son; but the earnestness of the artless Louisa, solicitous above all other things for

for her brother's advantage, and the ill concealed stratagems of Miss Delmont, who felt the use that the prosperity of one branch of a family was to the rest, could not be overlooked; they promoted, by a thousand accidents apparently trifling and inconsequent, the meetings of their invalid visitor with their brother; and he frequently joined in their endeavours to amuse her, while the Doctor, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Crewkerne, the curate of the parish, and his wife, made up a party at whist; but it was difficult for even the sisters not to perceive that Delmont, though civil and good naturedly ready to follow the dictates of politeness and hospitality, was often absent and silent; and that it was not without considerable effort he thus sacrificed time he had rather have passed in some other place.

He had taken, almost from the commencement of his free agency, the resolution of dropping all that sort of acquaintance which usually passes in the country

country as good neighbourhood, where, after toiling under the burning sun of July or August, there is collected round a table (to furnish which the mistress of the house has tortured her own and her housekeeper's head for a week) a set of very worthy people, no doubt, but such as had so few ideas in common with Delmont, that their society was the greatest punishment he could undergo. Two or three clergymen, who talked about moduses and compositions, related the events of divers controversies in the exchequer court, complained of the resistance of their parishioners to the payment of certain dues, and recited arguments they had held in favour of tests, or repeated some dogmatical pieces of eloquence uttered at the last visitation; and if, losing his patience in listening to arrogant egotism from men who profess meekness and disinterested piety, Delmont turned to another group, it was of the lawyer of the next town, who, though bound to observe the most sacred silence,

silence, was by innuendos and half sentences telling the apothecary his opinion of the state of a client's fortune ; on the other hand, the master of the house was disputing with an esquire of lesser fortune a point about the game laws, on which, as they could not agree, both talked very loud, and probably both together ; while a young man, who called himself a man of fashion, accidentally down on a visit, having stared at all the women of the party, and finding none of them worth his attention, had taken out his pocket glass, with which he was examining if he had picked his teeth with the scrupulous delicacy which seemed to be one great end of his life. Such, or with very slight variations, were the societies he had for some time mixed with, merely because they lived within twelve miles ; but having long discovered, that to continue in them was a very great waste of his time, as well as a needless trial of his civility, he no sooner found himself his own master than he ventured
to

to enquire why he might not recover the portion of his days thus unnecessarily given to persons whom he could not discover were at all the better, while he felt himself a great deal worse, for his irretrievable loss; and though he foresaw that he should make some enemies, and be stigmatized as proud, or insolent, or conceited, he hazarded the experiment; and as he never desired to be chairman at a quarter session, or foreman of a grand jury, to which his family might have entitled him, he quietly submitted to invidious remarks he did not hear, and heartily forgave both his male and female neighbours, if after awhile he was only remembered by them when they had occasion to give an instance of the haughtiness of aristocracy, which, however, accorded very ill with another accusation they had against him, that of being tainted with principles of so contrary a tendency, that both his uncle and his father had therefore disinherited him.

But though he had now for some months

months established his own liberty, so far as to shake off adherence to these forms, with which, under the name of politeness, men have agreed to fetter each other; he wished his sisters and Mrs. Crewkherne, while she was with them, to keep up any connection among their female neighbours that might give them any satisfaction, making it the rule of his life, as well in trivial as on material occasions, never to trench upon the liberty of others, while he guarded against being cheated out of his own; but Mrs. Crewkherne was too proud to visit the wives of men in business of the neighbouring town, and of those of men of the next rank, many resented that there was no intercourse between their husbands with Mr. Delmont, and others, who had daughters, were glad that the exclusion of the Miss Delmonts from their societies precluded all rivalry; and as they had no hopes of attaching the brother, who was now indeed no object in point of fortune to young women,

they willingly relinquished the company of the sisters, to whom they were indifferent, and still more willingly that of the aunt, who was universally hated.

The female frequenters of the house, therefore, were very few. The curate's wife was one, who made tolerable amends to Mrs. Crewkherne for the deficiency of the gossip in which she really delighted above all other things, and her sister, the widow of an attorney in the next provincial town, was so able, that very little passed within the circuit of twenty miles which was not known, by either a complete or incomplete narration, at the tea table of Mrs. Crewkherne within at least the next fortnight after the events had taken place.

Dr. and Mrs. Winslow had now been near a fortnight at Upwood Cottage; poor Miss Goldthorp was gone half an age in love, and trembled at every mention (and such mention now frequently occurred) of leaving the dear, the hospitable roof.—The alarms of Dr. Winslow and

and his lady increased, and the two Miss Delmonts saw with disquiet, that their fair guest and her fifty thousand pounds made not the least visible impression on their unaccountable brother, when it happened that their evening parties were enlivened by the addition at the vicarage of the notable and intelligent widow—Mrs. Nixon's visits were more welcome than ever to Mrs. Crewkherne, who invited her to bring her work and set of a morning, while her sister was busied in the affairs of her family. It happened that Dr. Winslow had rode out one day with an intention to prevail upon the surgeon to allow of his patient's removal, for which he was become intolerably anxious, his lady was writing letters to her son, and the two Miss Delmonts engaged with their young friend, when Mrs. Nixon, accepting this invitation, began to unfold several entertaining anecdotes, while, to return her confidence, Mrs. Crewkherne, with an air of consequential mystery, told of the hopes she had entertained that Mr.

George Delmont might be so lucky as to obtain this rich heiress, "which," said Mrs. Crewkherne, "to be sure, my good madam, will be the making of him and his sisters; for I am assured, and from good authority, that she has not a shilling less than fifty thousand pounds."

"I have heard it called more," answered her companion, "and I have no reason, I am sure, to disbelieve it; but to be sure you have heard that the young lady has been engaged from her infancy to Dr. Winflow's son."

"Yes, I certainly have heard it; and indeed the Doctor and his lady have taken care to repeat it; but I have very little skill in guessing, or the girl herself is of a very different mind. Who can tell what an effect such an accident as she has met with may have upon a person?—I know she thinks young Winflow left her in danger, and saved himself, and she seems to hold him mighty cheap; besides, my dear Mrs. Nixon, I hope

I hope one may say without ostentation, that there is not *much* comparison either between the persons or the families of these two gentlemen, and certainly Mr. Delmont's *fortune*, though very far indeed from what it ought to be now, may not always be so much unequal; for my part, even as it is, I think there are few women, even those of the greatest fortunes in England, that either George Delmont, or his brother the major, might not pretend to without much presumption."

"I am quite of your mind, certainly," said the intelligent widow; "and I am sure, from my long regard for the family, there is nobody who would rejoice more sincerely than I should do at such a rich match, and I heartily hope nothing will prevent it."

"Prevent it!" cried Mrs. Crewkerne eagerly, for she hated to have any scheme she was fond of doubted; "and pray what should prevent it? I hope you don't suppose me likely to be mis-

taken about the young woman. No, no, I have observed her, and am sure she likes my kinsman. Dr. Winslow's designs are nothing to us; and surely you cannot suffer yourself to imagine that Mr. Delmont would be so wanting to himself and to his family as to let such an opportunity of establishing his fortune escape him."

The widow answered only with an "hem!" given in a tone sufficiently expressive of incredulity. Mrs. Crewkerne alarmed, then entreated her to say if she knew any particular relative to George Delmont's conduct, which made her believe he would be reluctantly engaged in a pursuit so advantageous, and after some questions artfully evaded, Mrs. Nixon said, "Pray has not Mr. Delmont been more with his friend Mr. Armitage than he used to be?"

"He has been often out, certainly, and generally, since this family have been with us, goes out early in a morning,
and

and returns to breakfast, or soon afterwards, that he may not be deficient in politeness to his guest." "His servant, then," said Mrs. Nixon, "can tell you whither he goes."

"He never takes a servant with him, and oftener goes on foot than on horse-back; but I know that all his morning absences are not on visits, for he often goes about business relative to his farms, and into the cottages, on I don't know what schemes that he has got in his head about the poor."

A smile of peculiar meaning was added to Mrs. Nixon's answers, who said, "About the *poor* are his mornings occupied? Oh! yes, I have always been told that he is a remarkably *considerate* young man, and he will be able to do wonders in regulating the *poor* no doubt."

Being again earnestly pressed to explain herself, Mrs. Nixon repeated her question about Delmont's increased intimacy with Mr. Armitage, and then said, "What then, my dear madam,

is it possible that you should not have heard of the strangers who have now for some time been what I might indeed call your neighbours?"

"It certainly is possible," rejoined Mrs. Crewkherne, "since I have made no enquiry, not knowing that any connection of mine was interested."

"I don't mean," cried the other, "to say what they are, only I will leave you to judge. I do not exactly know how long ago it is since a person said to be a lady, whose husband was abroad, and who was herself an American, was by means of a friend of Mr. Armitage (for he did not like to interfere openly himself, I suppose) received at Denbury farm, which of course you know. It is a little out of the high road, among the woods on the other side the hill, and is, I believe, about a mile or a mile and an half from Mr. Armitage's own house, and about two from hence."

"I know the place well," exclaimed Mrs. Crewkherne, who now with breathless impatience waited for the sequel.

"After

"After the agreement was made for a bed chamber, and a light cloſet, and a ſitting room in the farm houſe, for which it ſeems the farmer was at ſome expence, a conſiderable time enſued before the arrival of the lodgers, and then, one night, a poſt chaiſe arrived quite late from ***** with theſe females in it—A lady, who is deſcribed as a tall genteel figure, who ſpeaks always very obligingly in Engliſh, but never willingly enters into converſation with any one on her affairs. Of the two with her, one was a girl apparently about fifteen, or hardly ſo much, fair and rather pretty, with looſe hair of a golden brown hanging wild about her ears, and quite ſimple, and even childiſh, in her dreſs and manners; the lady it ſeems is her mother, or paſſes for ſuch, though ſhe looks almoſt too young; and the third is a French woman of three or four and forty, who cannot ſpeak any Engliſh, and who affects to underſtand

CHAP. V. G 5

so little of it, that she answers only by signs. They live, it seems, very frugally, but after a sort of French way, according to the account of the good woman of the house, who says the French woman has taught their Hannah to make strange dishes for them of stews and soups. They pay very regularly once a fortnight for every thing, and the lady herself seems reserved, and seldom goes out, and nobody ever comes to see them but Mr. Armitage, who does not very often go, and your nephew sometimes with Mr. Armitage, but of late very much alone. Now you know Mr. Armitage's character, which to be sure is a very strange one. You know, after he parted from his wife, that he went to America, and people *do* say that this mysterious lady is a woman who left her husband on his account, and that this young girl is a daughter of his; and there *are* those who have a most sincere regard for your family, who are very much afraid, knowing what an artful man Mr. Armitage is,

is, and the *amazing* influence he has obtained over Mr. George Delmont, that these persons have been brought hither with the wicked view, for indeed I cannot call it any other, of drawing him into a marriage."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Crewkherne, half shrieking with ill stifled passion—" 'tis impossible any one should dare to think of such a connection for a nephew, for a grandson of the Earls of Castledanes; nor, unguarded, and misled, and degraded as he is in too many instances, would he himself ever think of such a thing—Marry an American girl, who may be a stroller for aught he can tell!—Here in the very face of his family, and next door almost to *me* and to his sisters! Here, on the very spot where his family, inferior to none in England, have been the very first people since the conquest?"

Fear least what she urged as impossible should nevertheless be true (and a thousand recollections crowded on her mind to increase it while she spoke) now

stopped for a moment the sharp-noted eloquence of Mrs. Crewkherne, and her companion, who secretly enjoying the sight of the pain her intelligence had inflicted, obtained time to say in a subdued voice, and with great appearance of concern, "Nothing can be more just, dear Mrs. Crewkherne, than all you say. To be sure, such a thing would be not only very affecting indeed to Mr. Delmont's family, but, as one may say, a sort of national concern for nothing can be worse than for great families to demean themselves by low alliances, and especially with folks not properly born according to the laws of England—and then an American too!—a race that for my part seem to me not to belong to Christian society somehow, and who, I understand, are no better than atheists; for I am told there are no clergy in America, as our's are, established by law, to oblige and compel people to think right; but that all runs wild, and there are no tithes, nor ways

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of maintaining that holy order, as we have, but every body prays their own way, if indeed such free-thinkers ever pray at all, which I dare say they do not.—But I am assured that they are excessive bad people, and that it is a dangerous thing to have any communication with them, which certainly redoubles one's concern, if it be true that Mr. Delmont, who might, we all know, do so much better, should be so misguided, as so to connect himself.”

“If!” cried Mrs. Crewkherne, who had been recalling numberless circumstances that confirmed her in it—“if!—I tell you Mrs. Nixon, the thing is quite impossible, and I must beg of you to contradict it wherever you hear it; for my part I am resolved to put an end to any such report; for I’ll tell Mr. Delmont of it, and represent to him how injurious.”

“Give me leave, dear madam,” interrupted Mrs. Nixon, “to ask, if it would not spare you some uneasiness, and perhaps

perhaps some painful altercation with your nephew, if you were yourself to ascertain whether these people are at all like what they are represented to be?— Perhaps, after all, it may not be so; they may merely be some of Mr. Armitage's London acquaintance, and Mr. Delmont may only accidentally have seen them. Suppose, as you have gone out for airings with Mrs. Winflow, you were to make an excuse to go thither, and see Mrs. Jemmatt, at Denbury, yourself; she is a very good kind of woman, and you may make any pretence you please to call at her farm."

"Not with Mrs. Winflow," replied Mrs. Crewkherne; "in the first place, she has such a terror of the roads, that I should never persuade her to go up the hills; and in the next place, if she should once get a notion of such an absurd, ridiculous, wicked, and insufferable inclination, *she* would make her use of it, and mar at once all we are trying to bring about, and in which, if George should
not

not determine to ruin himself by his own folly, we shall succeed."

"Well then, if you think so," said Mrs. Nixon, "suppose you borrow the carriage, as the Doctor's horses *are now* hired ones; and as I shall return to-morrow to —, which is but three miles farther, you may set me down."

To this Mrs. Crewkherne agreed, and promising to say nothing of what had passed, the *gossips* parted; Mrs. Crewkherne, agitated by fear, pride, indignation, and impatience—the other delighted to be disburthened of a secret that had long been very troublesome to her, and obtained her conveyance home without hiring a post chaise, as she would otherwise have been obliged to do; and these circumstances, besides the importance she had acquired by being the first to divulge this news, were extremely grateful to her.

CHAPTER VII.

“Entre nous, dites moi, si jamais un philosophe a causé le moindre trouble dans la société? Ne sont ils pas pour la plus part des solitaires? ne sont ils pas pauvres? sans protection, sans apui?”

LETT an orphan at six years old, and educated at a boarding school, without any particular attention save what she had received from Mrs. Winflow during the two vacations of the year, Miss Goldthorp had now attained the age of twenty-one, and had been a few months in possession of her fortune. Her having arrived at her majority had hitherto made no other difference in her mode of life, than that of her assuming somewhat more consequence, and dressing rather more expensively. She seemed to meditate on her power of greater indulgence, and to be for a while passive,

five, never troubling herself to contradict the frequent hints thrown out of the expectations of her uncle and aunt in regard to their son, nor ever saying what might be interpreted into a promise; and till she became of age they had forbore to press a conclusion of the marriage, because, had she died before that period, her fortune would have gone to some distant relations of her father's. Miss Goldthorp was one of those young women, of whom it is common to say, that they are "highly accomplished;" that is, she had made some little progress in the various branches of female education, which usually pass under the name of elegant accomplishments. Conscious of knowing something, she assumed credit for a great deal; and in consideration of her fortune, credit was given her for all she pretended to. On the piano fort  she was said to possess wonderful execution; and certain it is, that both on that and on the harp she made a very loud noise, and rattled away with the
most

most perfect conviction that her auditors were amazed at her facility. She spoke French with the same undoubting confidence, and therefore spoke it fluently if not with extreme correctness; besides which, she occasionally interlarded her conversation with words or short sentences in Italian, and had thence acquired the reputation of a very elegant Italian scholar. She often made her friends presents of most beautiful pieces of her own painting and embroidery, and they would have been equally wanting in taste and in gratitude had they questioned whether these productions, which Mrs. Winslow pronounced to be *supremely elegant*, were really the works of her own hands, or whether she had been assisted in them by her masters, or certain indigent young women who sometimes attended her with fashionable works.

As to her mind, she had, with a great idea of her own importance, many other faults of an heiress. She loved and hated
with

with equal suddenness and violence. Her love was seldom bestowed on any but those who flattered her. The least slight, whether real or imaginary, ensured to the person who was guilty of it her inveterate hatred; yet she could occasionally dissemble, and had a way of affecting gentleness and affection towards those whom she would take the first occasion to ridicule or vilify. A coquet from disposition, she liked to be surrounded with admirers, and to persuade herself they followed her not for her fortune, but for her personal perfections. Some of these her adorers, who had become acquainted with her in her late excursion to the sea side, had discovered this foible, and were preparing to avail themselves of the discovery, when her accompanying the Doctor on his visit, and the accident that followed, removed their prey from their immediate pursuit, and threw her into the way of Delmont, whom she had only seen twice, before she fancied she must

must acknowledge him as the predestined master of her heart.

Dr. Winflow, ever alive to his interest, and piquing himself on his sagacity, was soon alarmed at the symptoms which he thought he perceived of this growing partiality, and he became impatient to put an end to its farther progress, by removing his niece from a scene where she was not only reminded of the obligation she owed, but had a constant opportunity of remarking the many perfections, which, it was not to be denied, were possessed by him to whom she was obliged; but on application to the medical man who had set the limb, he declared, that it would be a singular instance of good fortune, if in a fortnight his patient was in a condition to be safely removed.

All that could be done, therefore, was, to counteract as much as he could the impressions which the good Doctor so greatly apprehended; and as his wife was

was the only person to whom he could communicate his fears, or on whom he could vent his ill humour, he took the first occasion, when they were alone together, to remonstrate with her on the encouragement she frequently gave to Miss Goldthorp's evident admiration of Delmont. His natural peevishness of temper seized on every trifle. "Why," said he, "why will you always, in your flattering fulsome way, be praising this young man before her? A fine business it will be indeed, if your folly helps to ruin your son's prospects; but there is nothing, no, nothing that is foolish, that would be surprising from you. I stand amazed that you have not sense to perceive, that all the family are trying to bring the match about; and you! you, in mere weakness, mere inanity, and for the pleasure of hearing yourself talk, seem to me to be doing all you can to assist them."

The poor woman began in mild terms to defend herself. The preacher of patience

tience and humility continued to reproach her, till he had nothing more to say, and till she had promised to be more guarded in future, and neither to praise the *elegant* taste of Delmont in his grounds, or ask Louisa for his verses, or remark on his fine person. “And let me tell you, Mrs. Winflow,” said the Doctor, “that you are too apt, a great deal too apt to fall into these fits of admiration. As to this young man, I have studied him, and I assure you, that if our dear Middleton was out of the question, I should be sorry to see Martha the wife of such a one. Why, is he not the most singularly obstinate man, as to opinions, and blind to his own interest to an incredible degree? Will he take advice? No, not even from those who are best qualified to give it. A very opinionated self-sufficient young man indeed! but he is a philosopher it seems, and it does not become a philosopher to follow any of the most respectable walks of life. Have a care, Mrs. Winflow, have a care,
for

for you will otherwise find that fifty thousand pounds is a sum of which this pretended philosopher understands the value, and he'd no more scruple taking advantage of your folly, and the girl's romantic nonsense, to possess himself of it, than his brother philosophers have done to overrun Europe; for my part, I profess I lose my patience at the idea! and stand amazed at the daily progress of these pernicious principles!"

Mrs. Winflow, declaring that her nerves were so shattered that she must call her maid for her drops, the Doctor finished his reproachful lecture; but the fretfulness it had excited was not easily appeased; and entering the study, he unfortunately found Delmont busied in unpacking and arranging books he had just received from London, among which were some of those works which the Doctor held in the greatest abhorrence from report only, for he had never read a line in them; but encouraged by the good nature and candour with which Delmont

Delmont had on former occasions listened to him, he began a bitter invective against what he termed innovations in political, moral, and religious concerns.

"Yet, my dear Sir," said Delmont with great mildness, "you will allow, that if no innovations had ever been made, we should still have been what you certainly have learned to think of with a due degree of dislike; we should still have been under the papal tyranny; the fires of Smithfield might yet have blazed, and we should have been denied the milder effulgence struck out from better principles by such worthy and well informed divines as yourself, my dear Doctor."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so," cried the Doctor; "but what has all that to do with government?"

"It might have had nothing to do indeed," replied Delmont, "if the religious and civil government had not been so interwoven, that whoever dissents from the first, as established by arbitrary laws, is immediately considered as the enemy

enemy of the other. Church and king, you know, are coupled for ever. If any particular mode of thinking or of education forbids a man's implicit obedience to the first, he becomes disqualified, by I know not what unjust and oppressive regulations, from serving the second."

"And let me tell you, Sir," rejoined the Doctor, "very properly restrained; for he who does not acknowledge the infallibility of one, will hardly own the divine right of the other."

"Softly, softly, good Doctor; your infallibility and divine right there is no contending with. So many quarrels, and so much bloodshed and misery have already happened on account of those two very *sensible* and reasonable words, that we will not suffer them to raise even an argument between us; but give me leave to ask you, my dear Sir, what crimes, in a moral sense, you impute to these unlucky philosophers, against whom your wrath is kindled? Suffer me to ask you, in the

words of one of them, "Avez vous jamais vû des philosophes apporter dans un païs la guerre, la famine, ou la peste? Bayle, par exemple, a t'il jamais voulu crever les digues de la Hollande, pour noyer les habitans, comme le vouloit, dit on un grand ministre, qui n'étoit pas philosophe*."

"Who but those who call themselves philosophers," exclaimed the Doctor, with increased impatience, "who else have occasioned all the bloodshed and misery we have unhappily lived to see in our time, in a neighbouring kingdom?"

"Pardon me, Sir; I believe it to be exactly the reverse; if the persons, whom you call philosophers, sought and imagined they had found truth; if so believing they endeavoured to emancipate the people from the fetters which galled and crushed them, to restore to

* "A-t'on jamais entendu parler d'un philosophe, qui avait voulu faire perir vingt millions de peuples par la famine, comme le voulait, dit on un grand ministre, qui n'étoit pas philosophe."

them

them the rights of human nature so long withheld by superstition and tyranny; and if, in *trying* to do this, to benefit and enlighten the world, those who had an interest in oppressing and keeping it in darkness have some of them suffered; nay, if the innovators, or those whom they attempted to relieve, have many of them fallen in the shock, it is not just to say, that the persons who would have ameliorated the general condition of mankind have occasioned even this partial destruction. The truth is, that the gloomy and absurd structures, raised on the basis of prejudice and superstition, have toppled down headlong; many are crushed in their fall; even some of those Sampsons, who themselves shook the pillars, have been overwhelmed; but the bastilles of falsehood, in which men's minds were imprisoned, are levelled with the earth, never, never to rise again."

The enthusiasm which Delmont felt at this moment glowed on his countenance and animated his gesture. Doctor Win-

flow, who had never in his life been conscious of such a sentiment, and who cared nothing for the state of the world, so long as its arrangements permitted him to enjoy the gratifications he had learned to consider as necessary, knew not what to oppose. However, though confused for a moment, he was not either convinced or passive; but was collecting, as silently he sat swelling, all the common-place sayings he could remember, which, surcharged with anger, and zeal, and personal resentment, might have overcome, perhaps for a moment, the benevolent and hospitable temper of Delmont, had not the latter, who had finished placing his books, and recollected some orders he had to give about his farm, walked away, and left the Doctor to have once more recourse to his wife.

To her then he returned, and recommenced his complaints. Mrs. Winflow, roused by a repetition of ill-humour, then attempted to divert it, by assuring him, that if there was any such partiality on the

the part of Miss Goldthorp, it was not noticed by Delmont. "Dear Doctor," said she, "how strangely you are prepossessed. I am sure Mr. Delmont is totally indifferent to Martha. We women are often more quick-sighted than men in such matters; and I have besides reason to believe from Mrs. Crewkherne, that the family are very uneasy about some imprudent connection or engagement he has made; and as to Patty, I'm sure he hardly ever looks at her, or takes the least notice of her, more than just common civility requires; and of an evening, when we play at cards, or converse in her room to amuse her, he addresses himself much oftener to me than to her."

This the Doctor pronounced to be art; again gave his wife strict injunctions against expressing any admiration of any part of the Delmont family before Miss Goldthorp; and then repeating his concern and impatience at being so long detained where he thought his favourite scheme was in so much hazard of being

overturned, he was relapsing into more than his former ill humour, when he was fortunately diverted from it by intelligence, that a person whom Delmont had employed to procure game for the Doctor to send to some friends in London waited to receive his commands for the disposal of three brace of pheasants and a leath of hares.

His fears and his resentment were for a while suspended, and he hastened to give directions for dividing them between one of his dignified friends and a man who had interest with a certain great benefactor of benefices.

C H A P. VIII.

“ Les travers, et l'insignifiance de ces personnages aux quels ressembloient sans doute beaucoup des gens du monde, me faisaient réfléchir sur le vuide des sociétés, et sur l'avantage de n'être point tenu à les fréquenter.”

No circumstance of personal inconvenience could make Delmont repent an interference, which had even mitigated the commonest evils to the humblest of beings; nothing therefore could make him regret, even when he was most teased and interrupted by its consequences, the fortunate accident which had put it in his power to rescue from destruction a young, and, as far as hitherto had appeared, an amiable woman, though any thing more tormenting to him than the perplexities that had been brought on by the sequel of this accident could hardly have been imagined

by the mischievous malice of the most capricious of those powers which are fabled to preside over the destiny of mortals.

The acquaintance with which it had entangled him were wholly disagreeable to him. The pert pomposity of Doctor Winslow, only restrained by that sense of superiority which inferior minds always feel, though they place it to the account of any cause but the true one, was utterly disgusting to Delmont. The Doctor, ready every moment to offer his advice, and even enforce it by that air of authority which his apron of silk and his wig of stupenduous curl seemed to authorize, shrunk, he knew not why, from the open countenance, the generous glow, the plain but energetic reasoning of a boy, who had hardly numbered twenty years. As the Doctor had not the remotest idea of any other reason than that which had taught him, when only four or five years older, to secure a coheiress with an handsome fortune, and,

and not long after some excellent pieces of preferment (escaping with great adroitness from that very puzzling and disagreeable personage, Simon Magus, who is somewhat like the John Doe and Richard Roe of our admirable and clear forensic practice) the Doctor, when he felt himself subdued and abashed by the strait forward arguments of a strippling, who had never completed a course of logic, could only imagine that there was something irresistibly imposing in illustrious blood — He looked with a look of deference on the fine figure, the animated countenance of the unseed and untaught pleader who stood before him, while he urged the rights of plain reason and common sense, and never suspecting that it was the omnipotence of that plain reason and common sense with which he was contending, while he had no other weapons than the wretched ones furnished by that inveterate prejudice and selfish interest which hood-winked all enquiry, Doctor Winslow (rubbing his smooth

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shining

shining forehead, and passing his two fore fingers politely and cautiously under the foretop of his well dressed wig, as if to air a little his brain, which felt heated and confused in the contest) Doctor Winslow concluded with himself, that he was thus abashed merely by the powers of hereditary intellect, and that in argument with a plebeian adversary he could be at no such loss. He said—this young man's great grandfather was the celebrated Henry Delmont, who so ably (though to be sure he was wrong) declared for certain doctrines in 1688. His grandfather was a man celebrated for the brilliance of his wit, took another line in politics, and (though I am afraid he had rather loose principles as to certain points) and notwithstanding I never heard that his father was remarkably gifted with talents, yet, no doubt, the labilities of his remoter ancestry are renewed in this youth. Yes, yes, certainly strong parts are hereditary; I am convinced of it, and that makes it the
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more mortifying, when one reflects that this young man, who now suffers his talents to evaporate in wild chimeras, in theories taken from vile, very vile books, might, if he would only hear *reason*, be a judge, perhaps a chancellor, or what is in every sense a character more extensively beneficial to our species, a bishop, if not an archbishop.

Delmont had acquired, whether from hereditary prescription or not, a way of looking at whatever proposition was presented to him, not as Dr. Winslow had been used to do, exactly as it was shewn, but in every light it would bear. The Doctor had never thought of any object but exactly as his predecessors, his masters, had told him to think. He had done so well for himself by this method, that he could not for the life of him imagine how a man of only common sense could throw his bread upon the waters by attempting any other.

For all sort of prejudices the Doctor

had the profoundest respect, "because they were prejudices." He loved "ancient opinions;" they saved him the trouble of forming any new ones, and were the only opinions to live by. Why then should he cast them away? why suffer the slightest doubt to rest on his mind? Yet, unless he had suspected that the want of general reverence might in time undermine these "salutary prepossessions," and diminish or do away the emoluments which the regular professors of them enjoyed, he might never have felt that excess of zeal which induced him to try all his rhetoric on this young, and, as he hoped, yet unformed scion of a noble house, who could not but do him so much honour as a disciple, or fail to prove so beautiful and polished an acanthus leaf in the Corinthian pillar of polished society.

This ardour of friendly instruction, however, did not last many days. There was nothing to be got in the way of preferment at present from the family,
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and Mrs. Crewkherne, by whose representation his zeal had received its first impulse, not only thought in many points quite out of the pale, but looked, he thought, very coolly on him, and he began at the end of the first week to fear, that the accidental introduction of Miss Goldthorp into the family had opened views much more tempting to the ambition of a young man, than what could ever arise from his most successful exertions to obtain ecclesiastical honours and emoluments; but he was compelled to endure seven days longer these tormenting fears, which the observation of every day increased, and at the end of that time the surgeon seemed still unwilling to pronounce, that in the course of the next week his patient might with very great precaution be removed, and by journies of ten or twelve miles a day return to London. When Dr. Winslow reported this to Mr. Delmont, watching anxiously his countenance, and at the same time making a laboured apology for

for the trouble he and his family had so long given, he could not perceive any marks of concern on the features of Delmont; nothing that indicated the passions of love or interest. He said in return to his compliment all that civility and hospitality dictated, but with an indifference that made the anxious Doctor a little easier as to the heiress; he began to hope he had been mistaken.

But the female part of Delmont's family, who became every hour more solicitous for the success of their views, were not idle. In a long tête-a-tête between Miss Delmont and Miss Goldthorp, the latter disclosed to her her resolution to break the chains of guardianship, since she was now become of age. She said, that it was true Dr. Winslow and her aunt had been kind to her, and she had nothing to complain of as to their treatment of herself; but she could not help saying they were the most disagreeable people on earth to live with. "Yet, ah! my sweet Caroline," added she,

she, sighing, "it was only since my acquaintance with this family that I knew, by all that contrast can impress, *how* irksome they were. My uncle is the most peevish man in the world, and frets and teases about such trifles, that there is never any repose in the house. He is a great epicure you must know, and piques himself upon understanding a table better than any housekeeper or clerk of the kitchen. In London it is his business to waddle out early in the morning to the two nearest markets to pick up nice things at reasonable prices. He returns to breakfast, to recount with great satisfaction what he has done in this way, which always turns me sick! one so hates to hear of dinner at breakfast-time! Then in due season, before dinner, he goes down to his duty in the kitchen, and directs how it should all be. It is not easy for my poor good aunt always to find cooks who will bear this, and we change about once a month; for notwithstanding all the dear Doctor's codling, it happens

pens continually that the fish is boiled to pieces, or the soup tasteless, or the ragout too salt, or too high, or too something or other; and then the little round man does so lament himself! especially if there is company, that he lives in a perpetual Jeremiad. My aunt used to pluck up spirits, and scold again formerly, and then we had such dialogues of tart repartee that it was sometimes laughable enough; but lately, poor woman, she has fallen into what she calls her nervous ways, and instead of retorting she performs a fit; and really it is piteous to see her; though luckily her fits are of a sort that are miraculously cured by cards and company, when assafoetida, and all the horrible drugs she poisons herself with, seem to do no good at all. Then there's dear Middleton, my coz, the son and heir of this worthy couple, who is, they both declare, the first and foremost of created beings, and who may be so for aught I know. I have known, ever since I was eleven years old, that I was intend-
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ed for the happy wife of this paragon; and I assure you I was not much older when I determined to be no such thing. I let them alone indeed, and do not positively contradict them; and poor Middletony does not put me to much trouble to repulse him, for he is a most chilly and inanimate lover, and had a great deal rather contemplate his ponies than his mistress; and though I know the notion of our being engaged keeps, as it is called, people off, yet, as I do not mean to marry till after I have been some time my own mistress, and never," continued she, sighing, "wished to attract any body, I never took the pains to contradict what I was told of, to be sure, often enough, but was rather amused to see the men, an hundred coxcombs or adventurers, who cared for nothing but my money, laying all sort of plots and schemes to supplant poor Mid, and going slyly to work to find out my opinion of him, and whether this supposed engagement was of my own choice, or I had been teased or compelled
into

into it by the old folks. You cannot imagine how many ridiculous adventures of that sort I have had since I have lived with them. For the first two years after I left school, I resided with my father's mother, who did not much love the Winslow's; and the fortune *she* left me, which is very considerable, the Doctor and my aunt have no power over at all; whereas, of that which was my mother's only, I am not to have the principal till I am five and twenty, unless I marry with their consent, which I shall certainly never do if I do not agree to take their marvellous marmoset. However, I do not much trouble myself, my dear Caroline, about that clause; for the income I shall have will be enough, I hope, for the wishes of any reasonable man; and I can wait for the power to dispose of the five and thirty thousand till I am five and twenty."

Caroline Delmont had never heard her friend so communicative before, nor had she any idea, large as she knew her fortune

fortune to be, that it was to the amount she now seemed to hint, for Mrs. Winslow had, for obvious reasons, rather diminished than enlarged, when she spoke of it; Caroline therefore, when she paused after having thus spoken, ventured to ask her how much her income would be, when she was possessed of it all?

“Not quite three thousand a year, my sweet friend,” answered she, “which, though it is not a very great fortune, gives me at least a right to please myself, which I assure you I intend to do; not merely in the article of marrying, but, though I am sorry, poor good folks, to disappoint them, in the article of having an house of my own, and living my own way. I know well enough what I shall have to contend with: the Doctor will fret and fume till it will half melt my tender heart; but then it will be hardened again by his *advice*, which I dread more than all his other boring powers. I shall turn a deaf ear, and go my own way, as I often do now (though, since I’ve been sick I have not

not been able to shew you a specimen of my managing him). But then my aunt will come with her tenderneſſes, and her tears, and twiddle twaddle ways of dear niecing and sweet girling me, and a thouſand fal lal's about my mother, and how ſhe hoped to have been, not in the fondneſs of her feelings only, but from the happineſs of *her dear Middleton*, another mother to me as well as aunt, and the moſt affectionate of all grandmama's to my ſweet babes, if ever I happen to have any, for the good lady always has a provident eye to poſterity. If all this ſeducing rhetoric ſhould fail, as fail peradventure it will, ſhe will fall into a fit, which I ſhall be extremely forry for, I aſſure you, becauſe I love my aunt very well; but I cannot give up my freedom becauſe of her aptitude to exhibit theſe pathetic ſcenes, knowing full well that the attack would be as ſharp, if at one of her great routs in the winter the three moſt boated of her fine friends ſhould fail to ſhew their faces—if the counſellor's

lor's wife in the square had collected more people of fashion than she could do, or any other woeful mortification of the same sort. So I shall certainly oblige myself where myself is so much more in question than any one else; and time, you know, will get the better of the mamma's lamentation and the son's love."

"Not so easily the last as the first," said Miss Delmont. "Poor young man! he may be a sad sufferer."

"Not he, indeed! I tell you my dear Caroline, he cares not a straw for me, nor for any woman; between ourselves, poor Middy is very weak, and the fuss the old folks make about him, which is perfectly ridiculous, shews his feebleness more, though he is such a mere cub yet, that his being such a ninny is not generally suspected; but I know very well that he is a mighty poor creature, one of those animals that any one may lead as they will, and who never venture to think for themselves. He never comes from college without having a new horse and
a new

a new friend, and it generally turns out that one recommended or sold him the other, so that he discovers at last that they are both good for nothing. Then poor Middleton has another quality; he cannot bear any one should be preferred to himself; for though he has not courage enough to assert it, he really does believe that he is all that his papa and mama declare him to be, so that when any other young fellow is talked of as being clever, or handsome, or dashing, or fashionable, little Mid looks as if an injury was done to himself."

"I remember now," said Caroline, "that during the very few days he staid after your accident, he seemed mightily cold towards George, and not to *take* to him, or indeed to any of us much—yet George is not *tonnish*, nor *dashing*, nor *fashionable*."

"Not fashionable!" exclaimed Miss Goldthorp. "My dear, dear Caroline! you see with the eyes of a sister to be sure; but even those I suppose will not deceive

deceive you, or misrepresent such an uncommon figure as Mr. George Delmont's—To such height, such grace, such a form, as strikes you at once with an idea of manly beauty, who ever saw united such a face? the finest complexion in the world, for a man perhaps *too* fine, he would certainly have, if it was not for that *funniness* which more than compensates for its change. You see by his forehead that he is fair, but it is only because that profusion of fine brown hair is now cut away for that odious crop fashion. Then tell me, Caroline, if ever there were in an human head such eyes as your brother's! How commanding they are, yet how sweet. If they speak such ineffable things in his own family, or among those to whom he is indifferent, think, oh! no, I dare not trust myself to think, what they would be if animated by love."

Caroline, who never heard a declamation of this sort from a young woman before, and never suspected from the
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soft languid manners of Miss Goldthorp, that she was likely to make such a one, stared with amazement so visible that her friend could not help remarking it. "You seem astonished," said she, "my dear friend, at what I have ventured to say about your brother. It is not many people indeed I should praise so warmly; but as to all squeamish prudery in not speaking what one thinks, I've no notion of it, though I am so teased and so lectured by the old folks that I sit mimpetty mimp before them merely for peace sake; but I don't see why one may not admire an handsome man as well as an handsome statue, or an handsome animal, or any thing else that is beautiful. I am very honest my dear Caroline, though I am forced to be a little of an hypocrite now and then, to save myself from being lectured to death; but there is no reason why, when you and I are alone, that I should not say as I think. Oh! when the blessed time comes that I shall have had courage to exert myself, and be my own mistress,

mistress, I intend to shake off all this restraint, I assure you. I shall take an house in some pleasant street near the Parks, and it shall be at the command of my beloved Caroline, if she will deign to accept it, exactly the same as at my own. We may be sisters at least in our hearts, Caroline! (a deep sigh again gave pathos to the sentence.) "We may be sisters in our hearts, if my inexorable destiny should deny me the happy title I aspire to."

Here the enthusiasm, the sanguine spirit, which had a moment before animated the manner, if not the countenance of the love-sick fair, sunk at once. Tears filled her eyes, she sobbed audibly, and hid her face (though not her blushes) in the bosom of her friend. Caroline Delmont, new to all this style of behaviour, was extremely struck with it; she not only felt the tenderest pity for her friend, but found herself materially involved in the success of her passion.

The artful manner in which Miss
VOL. I. I Goldthorp

Goldthorp had thus contrived to address her, was exactly calculated to secure her wishes for success, had she not before felt them. All the ridicule thrown on the Doctor and his wife, as well as the romantic rhodomontade that followed it, and the concluding tender appeal to her pity, were calculated to amuse and interest a very young person, who, since she left her governess and her nursery, had been confined to such society as were to be found at the house of Mrs. Crewkerne, among whom a smile was almost accounted a crime; where no book of amusement was ever suffered to come, and where nothing was ever discussed but religious topics, which received the most gloomy hue from the manner wherein they were represented. Caroline had often been compelled to listen to these saturnine pictures of sins and sorrows, till she had shuddered to find herself in a world so full of calamities, from which it seemed impossible to escape.

C H A P. IX.

“ Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command,
As if heaven’s delegate design’d
Sole arbiter of all her kind !”

WHILE the romantic Miss Goldthorp was thus securing her interest with one part of the family, the active curiosity of Mrs. Crewkherne, raised by the report of Mrs. Nixon, was busied in tracing, if possible, the causes that might impede the success of a project, which seemed to be as near her heart as it was to that of her niece. But other motives than those which had excited the zeal of the younger, stimulated that of the elder lady. It was indeed difficult to say, whether ambition to restore to that branch of the family she was related to, the wealth and consequence they had lost, had more influence than two other

wishes that arose in her bosom; one was to mortify the young dowager Lady Castledanes, whom she detested with the most inveterate malignity, and the other, to detect the artifices by which she imagined Mr. Armitage had obtained such an influence over the moral and political opinions of George Delmont.

Mrs. Crewkherne did; indeed, abhor Mr. Armitage, with a degree of animosity that seemed hardly natural, when it was considered that this object of her hatred, knew her not even by sight, having never seen her above once by accident, and in a crowd of other company, where such a figure and face as her's, were very unlikely to make the slightest impression on the memory of a man who was, by habits of retirement, become indifferent to general society, and selected his own among persons of a very different description. But Mr. Armitage was an author, who had ventured, though with great candour and liberality, to speculate on certain points which Mrs. Crewkherne could not

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bear should ever be discussed at all, and by which he had acquired the reputation of a free-thinker. In most of the charities of life he was exemplary; the best master, and the best friend; his humanity to the poor, and his benevolence to all the world, were bounded only by his circumstances, which were not affluent; but he dared, in many respects, to live for himself; and, conscious of the equity and integrity of his own heart, served God less according to the rules prescribed in the country in which he resided, than according to certain ideas of his own. He had married early in life; but his wife, who brought him a very large fortune, and who had chosen him in a fit of romantic enthusiasm she hardly knew why, was not long in discovering that his notions and her's could by no forbearance on his part, be made so to accord as to produce any degree of harmony. She hated literary society, was wretched where she could not be the first figure, and disgusted by the plain truths told

her by many of his friends, from whom she expected adulation. The single tie between them being broken by the early death of the only child they ever had, she assumed the privilege her fortune gave her (for the greatest part of it she had reserved to her own use) and passed every summer at some place of public resort; every winter in London; where, had Mr. Armitage enquired narrowly into her conduct, he might perhaps have found causes that would have justified his applying to the laws of his country to have dissolved this ill-assorted connection. But he could not prevail upon himself to expose, in a court of law, a woman whom he had once loved, and who had been the mother of a child he had been passionately fond of. He wished not to try his fate again in a lottery, where he thought the chances so much against him; and it was at length agreed, that this ill-paired couple should separate for ever, Mrs. Armitage taking almost all her own fortune, with which, tired

tired of her own country, she soon after went to France, and on being alarmed by the public troubles of that country, had since established herself at Florence; while Mr. Armitage had yielded to the inclination he had always felt for travelling; and being thus free from every domestic tie, had wandered for near two years over Europe, from whence he had lately passed a second time to America; and only twelve months had elapsed, since he had once more sat down, in literary and philosophical retirement, at Ashley Combe, the seat of his ancestors, not far from Upwood cottage.

Mrs. Crewkherne, in every part of this history, found something to nourish her hatred. She could not speak with patience of a man who had parted with his wife, though it was her own wish. She hated a man who affected to revere, and had written in favour of the Americans; nay, who had aided and abetted, as far as in him lay, the atrocious French revolution; for he had been present at

Paris at the taking the Bastille, and had applauded the speech of Mirabeau, in the Jeu-de-Paumes; and, on his return, had ventured to write a pamphlet, in which, while he exhorted the French people not to suffer themselves to be led by the first effervescence of liberty, into such licentiousness as would risk the loss of it, he hazarded a few opinions on the rights of nations, and the purposes of government, which though they had been written and spoken, and printed a thousand times under different forms, and were besides modified by the nicest attention to the existing circumstances of his own country, and softened by a mildness and amenity of language, which was thought very considerably to weaken their effect, yet these high crimes and misdemeanors had estranged from him two or three old friends who held places, and several others who expected them.

One of these, a nobleman of Mrs. Crewkherne's acquaintance, had very gravely told her, that whoever was not a
declared

declared enemy of this dangerous Mr. Armitage, must be so to all order, all good government, and to our ever blessed constitution; so she abhorred him not only from the impulse of her own mind, but from that communicated to her by this worthy friend of her's, who was a man of rank, and of course infallible. Her excessive zeal on the other side was, indeed, without bounds, humanity, or reason; and she scrupled not to declare, how greatly she was delighted with the project that had been formed, for exterminating by famine twenty-eight million of people; nor did she hesitate to express how much satisfaction it would give her, were it possible to realize the indignant supposition of Mr. Burke; and that France, republican France, could, by a single blow, be struck from among the nations of the earth.

All this political vehemence, much of which was very opposite to the tenets of her spiritual directors, was compounded from many ingredients which had accumulated

culated in the mind of Mrs. Crewkerne, where, as in the magic cauldron of Hecate, they had fermented, till such a spirit was produced by them as really gave the poor gentlewoman, in the paroxysms of its operation, the air of a priestess of Cybele, in all the horrors of inspiration. Her little red eyes seemed too much inflamed to stay in their sockets: she stretched her cheeks, gasped for breath, and trembled with ire, so that it was, if not dangerous, at least so disagreeable to encounter her in these phrenetic fits, that George Delmont, who did not love to see her expose herself, first, because she was a woman, and next, because she was his grandmother's sister, used to wave the subject himself, and draw off from it any of his friends, who might unwarily be engaged to try with her the friendly controversy of conversation.

If, however, it unfortunately happened, that some luckless wight unwittingly touched on any topic, in a way which she thought

thought indicated the least partiality, or even mercy, towards that great magazine of fuel for her rage, the French revolution, the tygress, robbed of her young, was gentler. In proportion as her prejudices were violent, her arguments were weak. She hated every body born on the other side of the water, because they were not Englishmen; and when it was humbly represented to her, that such a circumstance was rather their misfortune than their fault, since every man and woman would undoubtedly be born in England if they could, she then hated the French in particular, because they were our *natural enemies*, and papists; but on its being gently observed to her, that of that last error they had, as far as they could, cured themselves, she then discovered that she abhorred them ten times more for that very reason.

To all these wide and well-founded causes of her detestation, which she had learned when a girl, and fancied was a part of a sort of second creed, were added her

fears, not only for her money, the greatest part of which was in the stocks, but, if the barbarians should invade us, she had terrible forbodings of what might occur to her personal safety, in case of such an event. In this last article, she really had apprehensions of the most distressing nature imaginable, insomuch that Upwood, being only about seven or eight-and-twenty miles from the coast, had been with her one reason for refusing to remain there the two first winters after Miss Delmont became her charge, which, notwithstanding her horror of solitude, she would otherwise gladly have done, to save what she loved extremely, her money.

Then, in addition to all this, she felt an immense accumulation both of consequence and wrath, from the remembrance of having once dined in company with the great and commanding writer and orator, who had enacted Peter the Hermit, and (so fortunately for Great Britain) preached a crusade against "the Gallic savages."

savages." Sir Apulby Gorges had invited her to hear and see him. She had been amazed, petrified, enchanted, carried to the seventh heaven by his eloquence; and nobody, unless Whitfield himself was to return to earth, could ever again so affect and convince her. Ever since that blessed epocha, therefore, she silenced every one who ventured to enter the lists with—"Sir, I have heard from that most wonderful man."—"Sir, I assure you, on the authority of the first orator of the age, which I had from himself"—or, "Sir, it was a remark of my friend, the most admirable Mr. B——." The discomfited adversary, whom she thus put down, was often compelled to fly in dismay, having nothing he ventured to oppose to such authority.

Now Mr. Armitage was believed to have written, besides the mild and gentle pamphlet he avowed, a very cutting argumentative book against one of the productions of Mrs. Crewkherne's idol; and when to such offences was added, the
terrible

terrible suspicion he had lately been open to, of having produced some unknown creature a candidate for the affections of George Delmont, at a time when he had an opportunity of marrying an heiress; the fury which agitated the breast of Mrs. Crewkherne, when she set forth to make discoveries against him, is not to be described. As they went along, it formed the sole topic of her conversation; and Mrs. Nixon, for reasons of her own, artfully fomented her indignation.

It happened that the postillion who was employed to drive them, knew nothing of the way across fields, and through a large tract of woodland; which led to the farm-house, whither there was not on any side any other way than that made by waggons. The man missed the gate by which he could, through enclosures, have reached the house, and got into a lane leading to the woods, where the soil being deep, the ruts made by the carriage of heavy timber from the wood to the nearest navigable river, rendered the

way.

way almost impassable for a post-chaise; so that after a little stumbling on the part of the horses, and grumbling on that of the man, Mrs. Crewkherne's fears for her limbs, got the better of those she entertained for her muslin *sultane*, or her blue shoes, and she determined to walk on to the house, the postillion assuring her that he knew the path, to which he pointed on an high bank, led to it through a copse. He assisted the ladies to gain this path, and then told them he must draw "the chai out backord, by fastening the horses behind un, up athwart the down, and then he know'd how, by gwine a mile about or there a way, to get un round zafe enough to the fairm," where he promised to be almost as soon as they should reach it themselves.

The path they followed was high and dry for some time. It then led them into a copse, where, as autumn was now very far advanced, the fallen leaves, loaded with moisture, augured but ill to the shoes of Mrs. Crewkherne, while the
briars.

briars and underwood every moment committed hostilities on her nice gown and elegant cloak, for she had dressed herself very superbly for a morning visit, in order to awe and impose on those she expected to find, by the dignity of her appearance; and with all her humility and contempt for the vanities of this wicked world, she loved as well to be thought *very fashionable*, as Mrs. Winslow did to be *very elegant*.

Buſied, therefore, in guarding againſt the inconvenience of this rude walk, the eloquence of Mrs. Crewkherne for a while was ſuſpended, and her companion, equally ſilent from the ſame careful attention to her garments, followed her, when ſuddenly the path turned ſhort into a ſomewhat wider way; and Mrs. Crewkherne hearing voices, looked up to enquire if ſhe was right, when ſhe ſaw before her a young woman certainly not a peaſant; her ſtraw hat, filled with nuts, lay on the ground beſide her, and her gown was held out to receive more, which
were

were showering from the hazle trees above her, among the boughs of which appeared George Delmont, who, little guessing who was the spectatress of his activity, was making his way among the branches, now shaking their fruit from them, and now crushing down some of the most flexible, that his fair companion might herself gather the nuts.

To be convinced that all she had heard, that even more than she had heard, was true, and that all her projects for securing Miss Goldthorp's fortune, were at an end for ever, were but the ideas of a second in the mind of Mrs. Crewkherne. If she had dared to have followed the first impulse of her rage, she would perhaps have seized and have strangled, if she could, the object that thus excited it; forgetting however all forms, she stepped close to the young person, and drawing herself up, said in a sharp and imperious tone, "Pray who are you?" — "Who am I?" replied a soft and musical

fical voice, which however trembled with fear—"Who am I?" Delmont, who had from his leafy lodge beheld the questioner, and heard the question, was instantly on his feet, and perceived at once that his visits to the farm had been discovered by the restless curiosity of his aunt, who was determined to know to whom they were made.

Nothing remained but to avow openly an acquaintance, which he had no other reason for concealing, than his knowledge of that invidious suspicion with which his aunt regarded every one in obscurity, or not immediately recommended to her by rank, fortune, or connections.

The independent and self-relying spirit, which had made him shake off the yoke imposed upon him by opinion and prejudice, would not permit him to submit for a moment to any restraint, attempted by one for whose understanding he had a thorough contempt, and of whose heart he had so ill an opinion. He, therefore, without disguising his displeasure,

pleasure, said, "By what right, madam, do you question this young lady? If you have any business in this part of the country, it certainly is not with her."

"Oh, Mr. Delmont, Mr. George Delmont," cried the angry aunt, her voice trembling with rage;—"and is it come to this? I thought indeed what would be the consequence of your intimacy at Ashley Combe. I find my intelligence was but too true. Oh! what times are these!—when such a man as Mr. Armitage pretends to be, is not ashamed of encouraging such vile doings, and of lending his assistance to seduce young men of family from the paths of honour and right. But I am determined," added she, passing by him, "to know the very foundation of all this." She was only a few paces from the termination of the wood. It opened by an hunting gate, into an orchard adjoining the farm-house. Mrs. Crewkherne and her companion stepped hastily on, while Delmont, hardly able to repress the indignation

dignation which this impertinent intrusion excited, was employed in reassuring the young person, who, trembling and terrified at the fierce looks and menacing tone of the old lady, though she hardly comprehended the purport of what she uttered, was obliged to lean for a moment against a tree. Then, recovered by the argument of Delmont, she said, "What can this lady have heard against me? Oh! Mr. Delmont, if she should address herself in the same rude and unfeeling manner to my mother!"

"She shall not, by heaven," exclaimed he; "will you remain here, or accompany me while I go to check this insolent intrusion?"

"Let me remain," answered the trembling girl—"I will go round the other way to the house.—I have not courage to encounter those women again.—Save my mother, if possible, from being affronted by them."

Delmont now sprang forward, and overtook the two ladies at the moment they

they entered the door of the house. He passed them without speaking, and hastened to the room where the lodgers usually sat—the person he sought was not there. He returned hastily to the kitchen, but stopped in the passage—the door was open, and he saw the enquirers were already seated in conference with the farmer's wife, who, amazed at their appearance, and somewhat awed by the air of authority Mrs. Crewkherne assumed, had already told them almost all she knew, which did not, however, much enlarge their knowledge, since it amounted to no more, than that the ladies she believed came from foreign parts, “though I don't justly,” said she, “know where—they have a very good sort of body for their maid, although she is a French woman, and can't speak no English at all; but the ladies themselves, they talk English well enough, as far as I see, though to be sure I'm no great judge; for the mother does not speak much to me, being always a writing and
such

such like; and for the young thing, 'tis quite a child as 'twere."

"They are mother and daughter, then?" enquired Mrs. Nixon. "Yes, ma'am, so they say" replied the woman; "and to be sure, the elder gentlewoman is so despt fond of Miss, that she is her mother I dares for to say—she worships the very ground she treads upon, and I don't much wonder at it, for Miss is a sweet pretty creature to my thinkings—so gay and good natured, and affable,—our folks quite takes to her."

"And how came these ladies your lodgers, Mrs. Jemmatt?" said Mrs. Nixon—"you are not accustomed to take lodgers?"

"Why no, ma'am, not since Dr. Greams' lady used to come here for change of air, and to drink asses milk, as you may be pleased to remember. My husband fitted up them there rooms, as we did'nt want, for she; and so when squire Armitage came to ask us to take

this lady and her daughter, why to be sure we could not be agin it."

"It *was* Mr. Armitage, then," said Mrs. Crewkherne, "who engaged you to take them?"

"Yes, ma'am 'twas the squire to be sure, and very handsome he have kept his word with us about every thing he agreed for, and very good ladies to be sure they are, and gives no trouble though they pay so genteel. But, howsomever, if it 'twant as good a bargain I'm sure, as my husband says, we are so much obliged to squire Armitage, that we oft for to do any thing he requires to sarve and obligate any friend of his—for if it had not been for him, our Harry would have gone off for a horse soldier, that there time he was so misguided as to list at fair—and if he had, he would have been just as poor Tom Wilson and Philip Houseman are, fine lads, neighbours sons of ours, who would be obstinate and go, and are both dead—dead and gone—and if the same sort had befell
our

our Harry, I'm sure neither his father nor I should have much cared what came afterwards. But squire Armitage, ladies, never rested night nor day till he got Harry released, and persuaded him into the right way again, to mind his farm, as his father did before him, and to be sure what all we in this here country say of the squire is true enough—that he is the very best man, and the kindest hearted that ever lived.”

This effusion of gratitude was gall and wormwood to Mrs. Crewkherne.

“Kind hearted,” she repeated sneeringly — “kind hearted indeed! — I’m sorry truly, truly sorry for the profligacy of the times. — I see — ah! I see it is too true, *that* profligacy pervades the country, and a man, calling himself a gentleman, forsooth! is not ashamed to corrupt the manners of good plain country people, nor to turn their houses into brothels!”

Delmont, disdaining to listen to the conversation, had departed through the
orchard

orchard to seek the person on whose account only he was alarmed at it; he did not therefore hear this illiberal sentence; the good woman to whom it was addressed only partly understood it, yet comprehending that it was injurious to the character of her lodgers, she with difficulty refrained from resenting it.

"I don't know, indeed, ma'am," said Mrs. Jemmatt, "what you are pleased to mean about corrupt; but there is no lady more honourable than our lodger, let the next be who she will; and I wish for my part half our gentry was as good."

"Good," repeated Mrs. Crewkherne, contemptuously — "alas, dame, you know not what you say!—what, woman! don't you know the character of that Armitage?—a vile man!—and you pretend not to know that this person is one of his—God forgive me for naming the creature—one of the wicked women who have been the cause of his using his lawful wife so barbarously—and will you

tell me, Dame Jemmatt, that this girl is not one of his base-born children, that he has brought here to mislead a young man of honourable family to his undoing!"

The woman stood as if thunderstruck. Amazed at the charge, and the vehemence with which it was delivered, and half-frightened at the grim visage, distorted with passion, of the accuser, she remained in silent dismay, till Mrs. Nixon, who saw that this violence was more likely to baffle their enquiry than to procure the information they desired, said, "Come, come, dear madam, don't make yourself so uneasy; perhaps matters may not be so bad as your anxiety for your nephew makes you fear; perhaps, good Mrs. Jemmatt, you do not know this lady."

"Yes, I have seen the lady," replied the farmer's wife.

"Then I need not tell you, Mrs. Jemmatt, that this lady is nearly related to Lord Castledane's family, and people of
that

that high station, you know, are naturally desirous that the young folks belonging to them may not make connections beneath them, and disgrace their families; so Mrs. Crewkherne having heard that this lodger of your's was a person of rather a slight character, and, to be sure, we did hear that the elder of the persons was Mr. Armitage's mistress, why it was natural, you know, for a lady careful of the honour of a great family to make some enquiry—and if it really turns out as it is to be feared——”

The honest zeal of Mrs. Jemmatt could not bear these imputations on the characters of her lodgers any longer with patience; but interrupting Mrs. Nixon, she struck the iron she held, and with which she had been continuing her work, against the board, and said, “If there was a son of twenty lords, or dukes either, that had a mind to Miss Glenmorris, I am sure she deserves him, and better too than a great many on 'em be; but it's no such thing. As to young

Squire Delmont, which is him that I suppose this gentlewoman is in such a hoe about, he have never a bin a night the place without Mr. Armitage till this morning, and for any one for to go for to pretend that Squire Armitage is more than a friend to her mother, it's as big a lie, and I don't care who hears me say so, as ever was told. The Lady, as I be told, and verily believes, is the wife of one of his friends, who upon some account or another is beyond sea, and she have business as oblig'd her to come with her daughter to England; and Mr. Armitage, who does good to all that want it, whether gentle or simple, have took her under his protection, because she is a lone woman and a stranger; and I'm sure there's no harm in their acquaintance."

"You sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewkerne. "Good woman, learn to confine your assertions to things more within your own narrow sphere of life. How should *you* be a judge! what can such folks as *you* know! Come, Mrs. Nixon, I shall
return

return for this day to Mr. Delmont's on account of my nieces.—Poor girls!—But as to being longer an inmate in the house of that misfed boy, who will disgrace his family, I will *not*. You need not give yourself the trouble to say a word more; dame what d'ye call it? (for Mrs. Jem-matt seemed eager again to be heard)—give yourself no more trouble—I am quite convinced—Call my carriage, you maid there.”

Mrs. Crewkherne then stalked away to the chaise, her officious friend following, in their way to whose home the latter endeavoured to mitigate the mischief she had made, by intimating, that however appearances were against these women, it was *possible* they might be innocent. Mrs. Crewkherne had heard enough, and having taken leave of her informer, returned to Upwood, resolute to take an eternal leave of her nephew, and vindicate, as far as depended upon her, the honour of her family.

CHAP. X.

“Alas! master Doctor! what so wayward as the will of a woman?”

IN returning to Upwood, after having set down her very officious friend, Mrs. Crewkherne had time to consider, that by the violent measures she had at first proposed to take, she should inevitably and at once occasion the loss of the opportunity to seize a fortune which seemed to be thrown so providentially in the way of her nephew; whereas, by moderating her wrath, and endeavouring to reason with him, there might be yet a chance of awaking him to a sense of his own interest. That he had some improper connection with the young woman she had seen she did not doubt; but if he was not frantic enough to marry her, the good lady hoped the evil might

might cure itself; for though, to be sure, Mr. Armitage was a most wicked wretch to have caused such a deviation from propriety, yet the sin, she trusted, would lay at his door; and if Delmont did but raise his fortune, means enough might be found to stifle the whole business; so much difference was there in her opinion between the crimes of the rich and the poor.

Having appeased the violent ebullitions of her choler by these prudent considerations, she arrived at home to dinner, and found that Miss Goldthorp was permitted by the surgeon to dine below on that day for the first time.

It was now that the attentions of Delmont would have been particularly gratifying, and should, according to the laws of hospitality and politeness, have awaited her; but Delmont did not appear. Mrs. Crewkherne had again need of all her prudent forbearance to prevent her displeasure from breaking out. Miss Goldthorp said she was languid and fatigued,

only from so slight an exertion, and retired almost as soon as the table-cloth was removed, while her uncle and aunt, who thought they saw, in almost all she said or looked, proofs of her increasing partiality for Delmont, were grown so eager to hasten her away, that she became at length impatient of their repeated importunities, and took occasion afterwards, in the course of the evening, when alone with the Doctor, to signify to him in very plain terms, that she should not be at all sorry, since their departure was of so urgent necessity, if they went away without her.

“ *I am not obliged to go to town on a particular day, sir, if you and my aunt are. I do not wish, certainly, to put you to the smallest inconvenience on my account ; but surely there is no occasion for me to risk my health. I am very well placed here, and with people of fashion, who are so good as to have taken a friendship for me, and I have my own* maid

maid to attend me—I really, dear uncle, will not be hurried.”

“ You will not ! Patty ! *will* not ! my dear girl ! God forbid *I* should wish to hurry you, however I suffer in my affairs, and those of our dear Middleton, from this unlucky delay.”

“ It was your dear Middleton’s own fault, sir. I am sure I have the most reason to murmur, who have suffered so much pain, and been in danger of losing my arm, if not my life.”

“ Ah ! Patty, Patty !” cried the Doctor, in a moving tone, “ there was a time when you would not have spoken so unkindly of Middleton Winslow ; a young man of the very first promise ; a young man whose affection for you is such, as I should have thought, my dear Martha, might have induced you to have expressed a *little* kindness for him.”

“ Lord, sir !” peevishly interrupted the lady, “ I do feel not a *little*, but a great deal of kindness for cousin Middy ; but one cannot really always be playing at puffs in the corner with one’s cousin—

I wish, fir, you and my aunt, would recollect, that I am not a child; that I am now my own mistress; and that it is almost time I should leave off some of my leading strings, least, if I am relieved from them all at once, I should feel such a sudden alteration from my freedom, that I should not know how to comport myself."

"I stand amazed!" exclaimed the Doctor—"Surely, Miss Goldthorp, you never thought proper to address yourself to me or your aunt in this way before."

"Yes I have, fir," replied she laughing; "but it's a great deal of trouble to be always differing with one's friends, and I am naturally lazy. However, I am sorry you stand amazed, for I don't wish to make you or Mrs. Winslow uneasy; but really one must consider oneself a little sometimes. You know I hated vastly to be dragged from the pleasant acquaintance I had just made at a public place, to pay that visit you proposed to your old friend the Dean, who is a very worthy man no doubt, but

but did not promise *me*, I think, much amusement : you ought to remember, uncle, how good naturedly I consented, and that I never have scolded your Middleton once for breaking my arm ; so don't be in violent wrath if I just beg to stay where I am till it is quite well again. In short, my dear uncle, I am not well enough to contest the matter, but my resolution is taken. You may go whenever you like it ; and indeed I think it would on some accounts be proper, for it is rather a long visit to make for so many of us ; but as to myself, I certainly shall stay till Mr. Cleyton, my surgeon, says I can travel without any hazard."

This peremptory decision, which was delivered in a way Miss Goldthorp had never attempted before, conquered at once the patience which the politics of the Doctor had enjoined ; his passion and peevishness broke through every restraint ; and again declaring that he " stood amazed !" which was with him a favourite

expression, he intimated in very unguarded terms, that her desire to remain where she was did not arise from any apprehension she entertained for her health, but because she had conceived a partiality for the master of the house.

“ Well, sir,” retorted the spirited damsel, who now saw an opportunity of shaking off, at least in part, a yoke that she had for some time found very uneasy. “ Well, sir, admitting it to be so, I think one may have a much worse taste. You must allow that Delmont is a young man of family; and certainly one of the handsomest men in the world.”

“ You are lost, Miss Goldthorp; I see you are lost. I don’t mean to say a word against the family of Mr. Delmont—I respect it—I highly respect it—but for himself”

“ Well, sir, for himself !”

“ He is, I am grieved to my immortal soul to say it (and the discreet Doctor lowered his voice) he is, I fear, a young man,

man, abandoned, quite abandoned to his own imaginations."

"Most young men are, sir," interrupted the niece; "but I don't know that they are the worse for it. Whose imaginations would you have them take to?"

"You know my meaning well enough, Martha Goldthorp," cried the Doctor; "you only affect to misunderstand me. Oh! my inward soul is grieved to think what your good, your pious, your honoured parents would have said, had they lived to see this day, when, without any advance on his side, you, a young woman so well, so strictly, so properly and prudently brought up, should fix her mind on a youth without principle, without piety. Why! what! can there be a greater proof of it? Will he take orders? No! though his own relation has told me that all his family have been upon their knees to him as 'twere!—And why?"

"Dear sir, because he is a vast deal too

too handsome for a parson. 'Twould be shocking to see so charming a figure in an odious black coat; and who could think without screaming of that beautiful hair of his being cut off—and that his face, which is so remarkably fine, should be disfigured in a frightful wig?"

"A wig!—thou art absolutely become an infant again, Miss Goldthorp. Oh! the puerility, the folly of modern young women!—and so you do *not* deny but that you are in love with this young man.—In love!—I stand amazed!—Well may the times and manners be subjects of sincere regret to all serious people!—A young woman so far forgets herself as to say, to profess, to declare, she is in love!"

"Nay, sir, I neither declared nor professed any such thing. You were pleased to say it; and certainly there are many things in which your great sagacity and immense penetration might lead you to a less natural conclusion."

"The young gentleman has the character

racter of being misled by evil counselors."

"Oh! I should soon get him out of *their* hands, and counsel him myself."

"As to fortune, he has nothing, or next to nothing."

"My dear uncle, I have enough for both."

"Then he has the wildest, the most eccentric ideas."

"They must be infinitely amusing, for I understand he has a wonderful deal of genius; and really one is quite bored by being obliged to listen for ever to the same set of notions. I have been tired of such John Trott sort of proving ever since I was ten years old, and should doat excessively upon a dear creature who could amuse one by starting something new."

"I am afraid, Miss Goldthorp," cried the Doctor, whose wrath was now kindling beyond all restraint; "I am afraid you will repent all this when it will be too late. However, I have done, madam;

I have

I have done; I stand amazed at your conduct; and if you have forgotten what you owe to your own dignity and consequence, I must at least take care, as far as I can of you, for the sake of your honourable and respectable parents; and as to the fortune, of which you are not to possess the principal till you are five-and-twenty, I shall put it before the Lord High Chancellor of England, and he, Miss Goldthorp, he shall judge whether a young woman of fifty thousand pounds fortune and upwards shall throw herself away in this manner—on a man!—of good family indeed, but for aught I can learn, with little or no fortune—a man too without a profession, and who takes upon him to cavil and comment—and—and—and—I wish I had died, I say, Miss Goldthorp, before I had lived to see this day.”

“Well! but now, uncle, since you have lived to see it, do, there’s a good man, be a little calm and reasonable for once. Why, what is all this fuss about?

Suppose

Suppose it were true that I should be such a naughty girl as to like Mr. Delmont rather than my own pretty little coz, what then? What has the Lord High Chancellor of England, or five hundred be-wigged and be-robed old fellows, all as ugly and disagreeable, to do with me, beseech you? You threaten to put the fortune I am not to have the principal of till I am five-and-twenty into his power. I don't care whether you do or no. He cannot, now that I am of age, hinder me from marrying—he can only keep that principal, and put me to some expence. My dear uncle, I am not to be so frightened. I know perfectly what I can do."

"Oh! yes," cried the Doctor, now absolutely foaming with rage. "Oh! yes, you have gathered knowledge enough; no doubt, since you have been in this family!"

"There again, dear Doctor, you are in an error. A certain colonel of horse let me into that secret many months since;

since; and now, uncle, since you have forced me to say so much, I will tell you plainly once for all, that *I will not* be controuled in the most important concern of my life; I will not be wheedled or threatened into marrying your son, which is what you aim at; and if I am to be watched, and checked, and teased, as if I was still a baby in leading-strings, I must resolve, though very sorry to give my aunt concern, to leave her, and establish myself in an house of my own."

Doctor Winslow now found he had gone too far, and was beginning to say something which was meant to soften and appease, when a violent shrieking and sobbing in the next room put an end to the conversation; it was Mrs. Winslow, who having overheard great part of this conversation, and unable any longer to restrain expressions of the pain and displeasure she felt from it, was, as her woman Mrs. Dibbins expressed it, "in such a way!"

The good Doctor was now under the necessity

necessity of quieting his own agitated spirits, least the distress of his lady should be increased, till the subject of their solicitude became known in the house, which he desired above all things to avoid. The party in the house, however, were themselves employed in investigating the same concern, as it affected themselves.

Delmont not being returned, Mrs. Crewkherne had closetted his two sisters, and unable any longer to keep to herself the discovery she had made in the morning, related it with several additions, which her own *candid* imagination failed not to invent; and then putting in the very worst light the future prospects of the family, she lamented the probability there was, that this occasion of securing to it so handsome a fortune as Miss Goldthorp's should be so senselessly lost.

"I have always foreseen," said she, "always from the very first, how it would be; but every body, forsooth, was wiser than me. Did I not often tell your mother,

ther,

ther, that she used to let you all have your own way a thousand times too much, and particularly this ill-fated young man; but she, poor woman! had heard so much praise of her own understanding, that she thought she had found out a new way of educating children, and chose to follow in a great many respects the nonsensical schemes of some wicked atheistical French or German writer—You may know perhaps who I mean—I don't say all this now your mother is dead, by way of reflecting on her memory; but I am sure, if your brother George had been educated and restrained properly like other young men, he would have known his own interest better."

"Do other young men, then," said Louisa (the youngest of the two sisters) "those who have been under the restraint you mention, *always* do what is prudent? I think, madam, that I recollect your saying sometimes quite the reverse, and that you have found great fault

fault with the present race of young people in general, most of whom have, to be sure, escaped the misfortunes of poor George, in having a mother who desired to accustom him to an early use of his reason, instead of compelling him always to act from custom, or according to the humour of others, and never suffering him to reason at all." "Reason!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewkherne (evading to answer the first part of this remark) "reason! I should be glad to know what *reason* children can have. Yes! it is from such sort of wicked and accursed doctrine that all the mischief we have seen, and a great deal more that we *shall* see, originates.—Reason! what is our reason?—poor weak creatures, as even the *wisest* of us are, without grace. If your brother, Miss Louy, *had reason*, which includes *grace*, to know good from evil, he would eschew the one and embrace the other."

"That is, madam," said Louisa, who
never

never heard her brother blamed without pain, "he would find reason contained in fifty thousand pounds, and folly only in poverty."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Crewkherne.

"So then, madam," ventured Louisa to reply, "all that I have heard you say as to poverty, and humility, and self-denial, goes for nothing, or is only a way of talking that means nothing. I am sure I have in my memory a great many sentences which you have directed me to write out at times, in order to impress them more deeply on my memory, which recommend poverty, and are calculated to humble the pride of the rich; therefore it does not seem that grace, which means, as you put it, the power given us to distinguish between good and evil, should only tell us to make ourselves affluent whenever we can, without any consideration of other circumstances, or any attention to our consciences."

"Conscience!—Grant me patience
to

to hear a silly girl prate in such a provoking way!—What would this foolish boy have done against his conscience if he married Miss Goldthorp."

"A great deal, perhaps, if he preferred another to her, and married her only for her money."

Mrs. Crewkherne, internally conscious that simple truth, even timidly as it was brought forward by Louisa, had the advantage; that her hypocritical cant in praise of poverty and self-denial might be converted into a weapon against herself, had now recourse to invective, and what she thought ridicule, which however was in her hands so disgusting, that she presently drove her two young relations from her. Caroline was extremely vexed to see that this angry persecution of her brother would in all probability produce an effect exactly contrary to its intention; and Louisa, though she had hitherto wished that the marriage with Miss Goldthorp might take place,
was

was much more anxious that her brother might be happy, and still more solicitous to know how much of the tale Mrs. Crewkherne had heard was true, and who the persons were whose mysterious residence in the country had at least given her ground for the invention. The good lady had long been eminent for a most fertile imagination, and had very frequently fabricated marvellous histories relative to people in the neighbourhood on the slightest foundations, or without any; there would therefore have been nothing surprising, if the whole she had been telling had been unfounded; but Louisa reflecting on her brother's behaviour for some weeks, and on several trifling circumstances that had occurred, felt a sort of internal evidence that some part of it at least was true.

Certain that Delmont would resent any thing that appeared like impertinent curiosity, she resolved not to betray any part of the anxiety she felt. Her caution, however,

however was useless, for that night, as contrary to his general custom, George Delmont did not appear at supper, and the displeasure of Mrs. Crewkherne was terribly augmented, when she learned the next morning that he had not passed the night in his own *house*.

CHAP. XI.

"Beware of that relentless train
Who forms adore—whom forms maintain."

DELMONT had been betrayed by the sudden appearance and rude remonstrance of Mrs. Crewkherne, into a degree of unguarded warmth, which on a moment's reflection he repented. "Why," said he, "should I suffer the intrusion of those foolish women to discompose me, or why should I convey any of the displeasure they may give me to Mrs. Glenmorris? have I ever desired to keep my visits here secret? or have I ever made them clandestinely? Certainly not. I ought then to have been collected enough to have answered Mrs. Crewkherne's question, instead of appearing angry, as if I was detected in company with one of whose society I was ashamed. Lovely
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innocent Medora, is it purity and sweetness like thine that I blush to be seen with? and with thy admirable mother, can I feel any other sensation than that of conscious inferiority? What can be meaner and more unworthy of the character I aspire to, "to dare to think for myself, and to act what I think," than such pusillanimity as I have just been guilty of, in shrinking from the enquiry of two gossiping women, who will probably, from my weak attempt to avoid them, relate some legend, produced by their own malice; whereas, had I simply described the persons I was with, I should have deprived them of the power they now have to imagine and report evil."

In consequence, then, of having made these reflections, Delmont, instead of seeking Mrs. Glenmorris, to engage her to avoid the inquisitors, whom he had left in full quest in the farmer's kitchen, returned rather in the hope of finding Medora, and prevailing on her not to distress her mother, by repeating the

strange appearance and abrupt question of Mrs. Crewkherne, than to guard that revered mother against these intruders. It was however too late for the former of these purposes; for Medora had met her mother, who was coming to join her in the coppice, and had related the extraordinary circumstance of the two ladies so suddenly appearing; the rude question one of them had put to her, and the angry manner in which the same old lady had addressed Mr. Delmont.

Mrs. Glenmorris, unconscious of evil, was indifferent as to concealment; desiring only to avoid visits such as are often made in the country for the mere indulgence of idle curiosity. From these, the sequestered situation of the house where she resided, her being introduced there by Mr. Armitage, a man who was known in the country as a very odd and singular character, and her own retired temper and pursuits, had hitherto exempted her; and she hoped that she should never have been under the painful necessity

necessity of declining civilities she could not return, or resenting the impertinence of arrogant intrusion. To the last of these only she could refer the appearance of the two persons described to her by Medora, at least as far as could be judged by the words the elder of them had uttered, which however imperfectly heard, were evidently those of reproach and anger. It now for the first time occurred to Mrs. Glenmorris, that the family of Mr. Delmont might impute his visits, should they happen to know they were made, to motives very different from those on which she had received them, and though she knew nothing of the plan so warmly adopted by Mrs. Crewkherne, to marry him to a woman so rich as Miss Goldthorp, it was natural enough to believe that this antiquated aunt might be alarmed at the idea of his attaching himself to a young woman who was a stranger, and, from every appearance, totally destitute of fortune. As she resolved at once to put any uneasy

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feelings

feelings on this matter out of the question, by speaking frankly to Delmont, she no sooner saw him approaching through the meadow in which they were walking, than she bade her daughter go to the house, and finish the letter she had begun to her father; then advancing towards Delmont (whose face no longer bore any impression of the anger he had just felt) Mrs. Glenmorris enquired what Medora had seen during their walk that had so dismayed her. "Who is this old lady that came to scold?" said she. "Why, did Medora," answered he, laughing in his turn, "tell you she scolded?" "Something very like it; and I guessed directly that it was Mrs. Crewkerne." "You were not mistaken," replied Delmont; "the good lady was not in one of her very amiable humours I believe, but when she is, by the asperity of her appearance, and the sharpness of her tones, she may well impress those not accustomed to her with the idea of her being in a fit of ill humour."

"But

“ But seriously, it has never till this moment struck me, Mr. Delmont, that your family may be made uneasy by your visits to me on account of Medora, who they know no otherwise than as a young and indigent wanderer, for such no doubt she is represented. Now, though I have great pleasure in seeing you, and have owed to you some of the most agreeable hours I have passed in this seclusion, let me entreat of you to forbear a continuance of the acquaintance, if you feel or foresee the slightest inconvenience from it. I have no wish that Medora should marry while she is so very young, and I am convinced no such idea ever occurred to you.” (Delmont did not look as if he perfectly acquiesced.) “ Her father,” continued Mrs. Glenmorris, “ in a distant country, her future prospects fluctuating between a considerable property, which it is possible she may one day possess, and a provision which in England will set her but little above indigence ; I have, I ought to have, no views for her at present, but so

to instruct her as that she may bear with an equal mind either of these extremes of fortune. Equivocal as my character and situation may at present appear to the few who may be induced by curiosity, or any stronger motive, to remark on it, I heartily forgive *them*, if they form unjust conclusions, but I should *not* forgive myself, if your visits here became a source of uneasiness between you and your family."

"My family," repeated Delmont gravely; "my dear madam, to what part of my family do you imagine me to be responsible for any part of my conduct? You cannot have higher ideas of the tie, that even after the age when the laws of this country give a man freedom, ought to bind a son to the observance of duty towards a father or a mother, at least such a mother as *I* once had, but as I have her no longer, as I have no father, I feel myself very little disposed to submit any of my actions to the controul, or even the opinion of any other of my relations.

tions. Do not think me arrogant or self-sufficient, madam, if I say, that as where submission is voluntary, it should be given only to such as have better sense or judgment, than a man is himself conscious of possessing, I have no scruples in denying it to the female part of my family, well as I love my sisters."

"But Mrs. Crewkherne?" said the lady.

"Mrs. Crewkherne has not, nor ever will have the least influence on my conduct. Good Heaven! have you, can you have had even for one moment, so ill an opinion of me, as to suppose that I should humble myself before her, because she has money?—I *did* hope, short as our acquaintance has been, that you might have seen enough of me to prevent your suggesting such a possibility."

"Be not angry," answered Mrs. Glenmorris, "I am, you know, very slightly acquainted with the circumstances of your family; for besides my thinking such inquiries impertinent, I should make them

to very little purpose to Mr. Armitage; and you know he is my only visitor in this country. But forgive me, if I thought of you in this instance, only as I do of the generality of the world. I know how nineteen young men out of twenty would act, when there was a rich old relation in question; and I could not tell that you were an exception, and are in no instance a man of an ordinary mind."

"Believe me, madam," rejoined Delmont, "a man would have in every thing else, not only a *very* ordinary, but a very *fordid* mind, who would give up the freedom of that mind to the miserable hope of a legacy from a capricious old woman, and I should scorn myself, were I capable of doing it even in indigence; but as *I am*, though I am far enough from great affluence, and though I disclaim many of the ways by which affluence is acquired, I should be indeed a poor and contemptible wretch, if I wore such a yoke. My God!" added he with enthusiasm, "that any man ever

can

can so submit, who has the power of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow."

Mrs. Glenmorris looked at him with pleasure, but it was pleasure not unmingled with concern. She sighed, and after a moment's silence said, "I wish you were acquainted with Glenmorris—how well you would in most of your sentiments agree!"

"*I may be* so fortunate," said Delmont, "some time or other."

"Yet," resumed Mrs. Glenmorris, "I hardly know whether I ought to wish it, for the world would say, perhaps, that after having shewn by his own example, how to throw away all which *that* world is accustomed to call desirable, he would renew his instructions to you, till you had done the same."

"And so, my dear madam, we are always to be the slaves of the world; the world, of which after all the sacrifices we make, so few obtain the suffrage, and that suffrage when obtained, is not only so fragile, that the least reverse of fortune

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deprives

deprives us of it; but while we fancy we possess it, it cannot make us happy one single hour. What is this world of which every one talks, and to which every one is instructed, that he must make all sorts of offerings, of his taste, his time, his inclinations. Let us look steadily at it. It is a little atmosphere which every man supposes round the spot whereon he moves. The merchant's world consists of men in commercial life, and his wife's of the wives of these good men, till her spouse gets money enough to remove her world to Bloomsbury or Bedford Square, or occasionally to some fashionable bathing-place. We know the lawyer's world exists in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the inns of court, with some enlargement, if he happens to be very high in the profession, and in parliament, or with any chance of a seat on the woolstack. The world of a country curate is in the next market-town; that of his employer, the opinion of a few dignitaries of the church. The soldier's world is in his regiment, or in the

the favour of those who order the most people *out* of the *world* in general: but to me, who neither am or ever intend to be a merchant, a lawyer, a churchman, or a military man, why should I raise around me, by dint of prescriptive prejudice, this imaginary atmosphere, through the medium of which only I can look at every object? No, my dear madam, whatever the world may say of Mr. Glenmorris, or of me, I do believe that we should on almost every subject agree. I am sure we should in our contempt of all such prejudices as enslave the mind, and restrain man's best prerogatives, that of thinking, saying what he thinks, and, where he can, acting up to his thoughts."

"But there are instances, said Mrs. Glenmorris, wherein, to use a phrase of the day, *existing circumstances*, to which submission is compelled, will not allow this entire freedom of action. For example, look at Glenmorris's conduct about his daughter. No man is so little affected by pecuniary considerations as he is—

None

None have sacrificed more to obtain a perfect freedom of speaking, writing, and acting; for that he has become an alien from his country, and has sought in another hemisphere the liberty which he could not exercise in his native island. Accustomed to the elegancies and luxuries of life, he has relinquished them all, and is become a citizen of an infant republic, though little more than the plain requisites of life are to be obtained even there with the very small fortune he now possesses. For himself he would be content, and I do not believe any consideration would induce him to return to England or Scotland; yet, when his daughter's interest is in question, you see he gives up both that daughter on whom he doats with the most extravagant fondness; he gives up for a time her mother, and sends them to pursue the fortune which he thinks his child has a right to. This is submitting not only to the greatest deprivation that can befall him, for a purpose which, considering the glorious uncertainty

certainty of the law, and all we have against us, may never be answered; but it is submitting to present pain for a purpose, which, were himself only concerned, he would despise.—He reasoned however thus, “my child has an undoubted right, on behalf of her mother, to a very considerable fortune; it may probably be obtained by my inflicting on myself the pain of parting with her. It is true, I have brought her up to share with cheerfulness the lot which is now mine, but may she always be so content with it, as never to feel a sentiment of reproach towards me, if I should neglect, when it is in my power, to obtain for her a better? *The world* esteems riches to be a good; and very certainly, in the present order of things, poverty is a very great evil. Such it may hereafter prove to my Medora, who suffering under it may say, “Why did not my father obtain for me the fortune which ought to have been mine?” I mention all this,” added Mrs. Glenmorris, “to prove to you, that there is hardly any case wherein

wherein it is possible for a man, however determined he may be, to shake off the fetters which are for the most part wantonly imposed, so entirely to emancipate himself, as not to be dragged back in some instance to the forms of society. It is Rochefaucauld, I believe, who says ;

“ L'on ne peut se passer de ce même monde que l'on n'aime point, et dont on se moque.”

“ If any one but you had quoted a maxim,” cried Delmont, half impatiently, “ I should have asked, almost with ill humour, whether we have not too often recourse to old laws, from habit and prejudice, as guides to our actions ? What you have just said, however, is unfortunately true, though the period may not be very far off, perhaps, when its truth may be disputed. In the meantime, my dear Mrs. Glenmorris, pray never let me be mortified with such an hint as that with which you opened this conversation, that Mrs. Crewkherne is to be consulted about my acquaintance.

I have

I have not till now preserved my independence, at what is perhaps accounted the expence of my fortune, to have it limited in a single thought, by the interposition of Mrs. Crewkherne, or a whole legion of spinsters equally rich in purse or in prying, and equally prying in disposition. The eleven thousand virgins of whose accumulated skulls some traveller tells, had they all lived to the age and affluence of my grand aunt, and though each came to offer me her advice and her fortune as the price of one hour's freedom, would certainly be sent away without any applause."

"Well, well, I will abstain from any such offence for the future; but what if the anger of the old lady should fall on me? how may she not represent me? what may she not say of me? by your sisters, if I am thought of at all, I should particularly wish to be thought well of, and who knows in what a light Mrs. Crewkherne may represent us."

"None *know* indeed," replied Delmont,

mont, "for none can answer for the excesses of folly, malice, and ignorance; but certainly, whoever should *care* for the effusions of Mrs. Crewkherne, would be very much to blame. Now don't silence me by another proverb or maxim. I know you could talk very eloquently from a book, but I desire rather to hear you from the fulness of your own liberal mind. You have told me, that on many occasions, when a terrific image has been set up before you, by that superstition or that prejudice which make scarecrows of every thing or nothing, you have ventured to approach it, to look resolutely at it, and calculating its real power to hurt you, have presently seen it vanish into thin air. Be assured that my venerable sybil of an aunt, though an admirable scarecrow for the misses of ***** need not curtail you and Medora of one walk, whether you botanize with me, or poetise with Armitage, or philosophize with us both. The only way in which this prying curiosity of Mrs. Crewkherne's

herne's can be the occasion of my interchanging with her a sentence more than usual, will be by your considering it as a matter of any importance. I am going," added Delmont, "to Ashley Combe, have you any message to Armitage?"

They then went into the house together, Mrs. Glenmorris having some papers on which she desired to consult Mr. Armitage; and while she collected them above, Delmont, with whom Mrs. Jemmatt was in habits of talking familiarly, related to him the questions that had been put to her by the two unwelcome visitors who had just left her. "I wonder," cried she, "what gentlefolks means by coming in that manner, calling one to account, as if one was afore the justices. I'm sure that Mrs. Nixon mid'nt be so curious after other folks affairs. She'd have enough to do to look after her own, if every one did as they ought; but there, if such as *she* once gets among your quality, they thinks

thinks themselves as great as if they were quality too, whereas Mrs. Nixon is'n't a bit better born nor bred than I be, for all her husband was a lawyer, and scraped up a sort of a fortune by such tricks as them there lawyers always play ; ruining poor folks. But she's got a little money forsooth, and creeps into favour at great houses, and so she takes upon her to use "good woman," and "dame," and such like sayings to them that be as good as herself."

Delmont, though very much displeased at the impertinence with which Mrs. Jemmatt had been questioned about her lodgers, could not help smiling at the ready transition she made from the affront done to them, to the want of respect shewn to herself. He told her, that as the voyage of Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter to England, was made in the hope of their recovering a share of a very large fortune, which rich and powerful relations held against them, it was desirable that their residence in
England

England might be as little known as possible, till they had collected evidence, and taken other measures in regard to the suit, which it might be greatly in the power of their adversaries to impede; "for these reasons," said he, "they live thus retired, and Mr. Armitage, who is the friend of Mr. Glenmorris, is engaged in arranging the business for them, which will be brought forward next month in a court of law. After that Mrs. Glenmorris will desire no secrecy to be observed; but, till then, you will oblige her, if you will let her name, or motive for remaining here, be as little spoken of as you can."

Mrs. Jemmatt, with high encomiums on both the lady and her daughter, and many wishes for the success of their cause, promised all that was desired of her; and Delmont, having received the papers, took his leave, and sought his friend Armitage.

CHAP. XII.

“ Oh! she was a most exemplary gentlewoman; a very icicle on Diana’s temple. St. Ursula and St. Bridget were but as her handmaids.”

AT Ashley Combe, Delmont was always a most welcome visitor. Mr. Armitage was reading in his garden, in one part of which, by the judicious disposition of ever-greens, he had contrived a sheltered walk, even at a season when the woods and plantations were nearly stripped of their foliage. He advanced to meet Delmont. “ You are not,” said he, “ come to announce yourself the news I have heard this morning? you have not quite methinks the air of a bridegroom, who has just acquired a beautiful wife with fifty thousand pounds in her pocket.”

“ What is all this?” enquired Delmont.

Mr.

Mr. Armitage then said, that his servants had that morning informed him, that it was certain Delmont either was married, or to be married in a few days to the lady he had so fortunately rescued from danger, who had fifty thousand pounds, and was a very fine woman. "The report," added he, "came from Mr. Cleyton, who has had the good fortune to attend the lady successfully as her surgeon, and who has it seems been in the secret from the very beginning."

"You know," said Delmont, "as well as any one, my dear Armitage, how very unlikely it is that I should be induced to marry for the sake of twice fifty thousand pounds, any woman to whom I could not have devoted myself from affection, if she had not fifty shillings. Let me assure you, I have no such predilection for Miss Goldthorp, nor am I coxcomb enough to suppose she feels any such preference in my favour, though I know my good aunt, with whom money and
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grace

grace are ever the predominant ideas, is very desirous that I may have enough of one, to seize this opportunity of obtaining so considerable a portion of the other. And my two sisters, impressed, as is natural enough at their age, with notions of all the tiffany and tinsel that fifty thousand pounds can supply, are eager, for once, in the same cause as the old lady. I have for many days seen, though I have not affected to see their politics; but it is unnecessary to say more about these golden visions, because certainly they will evaporate and come to nothing."

"And *are* you," said Mr. Armitage, "are you really, Delmont, philosopher enough to look without emotion on a splendid fortune annexed to a fine woman?"

"I am mortified, my friend, that you should doubt it; surely I should have profited little either by the few observations I have been able to make by your conversation, or by the books to which you have directed me, if I felt, for
one

one moment only a doubt about this acquisition, supposing, which it were impertinent vanity to do, that it was really within my reach."

"You dislike then the lady?"

"As an acquaintance I neither like or dislike her. They tell me she is what is called a fine woman—It may be so for aught I know. They say too that she is very highly accomplished—That too may very possibly be—but I declare to you, that these acquired graces have so little power over me, that I am afraid, were I not to see Miss Goldthorp after to-morrow, I should totally have forgotten by to-morrow se'nnight that I had ever seen her at all."

"What if I should remark," rejoined Mr. Armitage, "that such total insensibility on the part of a man of your age towards a woman of her's, may be owing less to any want of attractions on one side, or to any constitutional coldness in the other, than to your liking some other woman better."

VOL. I.

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"And

"And if you should say so?"

"I should not be much mistaken, perhaps."

"You would not; and as I shall particularly want your counsel, I will open my whole heart to you. You introduced me about two months ago to Mrs. Glenmorris—I obtained liberty to see her in her retirement. A similarity of taste, as well as some trifling services I have had the good fortune to render her, have occasioned my visits to be frequent. The more I have seen of her, the more of those visits I have felt myself impelled to make, till at length——"

"My dear George," interrupted Mr. Armitage, laughing, "you are not, I hope, going to make me the confidant of your passion for the wife of my friend?"

"There are many passions, however, infinitely more absurd than that would be," said Delmont.

"True," answered Armitage; "there is nothing absurd in loving merit under
whatever

whatever form, or at whatever age it is found."

"As to age, Mrs. Glenmorris is not above six-and-thirty."

"I believe not, and you are——"

"I am two-and-twenty."

"Fourteen years is nothing certainly, *as times go*; but what do you say to the small inconvenience of her being married? You know my sentiments, George," continued Mr. Armitage, quitting the tone of raillery he had till then spoken in. "I have very unjustly the reputation of libertinism in regard to women; for I do assure you upon my honour, that with me a woman who belongs to another is sacred. My friend Glenmorris, who is not insensible of the value of the jewel he possesses, knows that such are my sentiments, or, whatever might be his confidence in me in other respects, he would hardly have put his wife and daughter under my protection."

"Cato, then," cried Delmont gaily,
M 2 mole, "Cato

"Cato is a proper person to entrust a love-tale with! But recollect, my good friend, whether there is not a possibility of my admiring the daughter of this charming woman."

"I thought it improbable; because I know how strenuously you insist upon *mind* and *character* in the woman who should attach you. Now a girl of Medora's age has no mind; it remains to be formed—Her character must be a mere rudiment—One cannot say what it will be. She is very pretty, and has all that bloom, that simplicity of youth, which renders beauty under twenty so seducing an object to many men; but lovely as I own she is as a child, I did not imagine she would have attractions for you."

"It is precisely," replied Delmont, "because she is so entirely the child of nature, that I find she *has* attractions. She will be, probably, what her mother is, with something of the best part of her father's singularities, such as you have sometimes described them to me. He has

has brought her up exactly as I should wish a woman to be educated for me. Not one idea has she that she blushes to avow; neither prudery or coquetry, neither a desire of conquest for herself, or envy of the advantages possessed by others, make any part of her studies or reflections. Oh! how unlike the artificial things one sees every where—which I see, even in my two sisters, who are reckoned so unaffected and ingenuous. Why may I not hope and believe, that Medora, now the most lovely girl in the world, may, when she is formed, become such a woman as her mother? and then, were I to make the tour of that world, where could I find a creature so well calculated to make me happy?"

"So you really are in love with Medora Glenmorris, the little wild Caledonian-American? and it is for her that you disdain the banker's rich heiress."

"If you mean by being *in love* with one and *disdaining* the other, that I think I should be a very happy man with one

in any situation, while the highest degree of affluence could not give me happiness with the other, such is certainly my opinion, and on that opinion I mean to act, if you, my friend, know nothing of Glenmorris's views for his daughter, which ought to make me desist from doing so."

Mr. Armitage then related, in a few words, such circumstances of Glenmorris's history as Delmont was unacquainted with.

"You have heard, perhaps, that Glenmorris's marriage with Miss De Verdon was so much against the wishes of her parents, that it was always the declared intention of both, though Glenmorris was nearly related to the family of Lady Mary her mother, to disinherit this their youngest daughter; and it is understood they did so; but on the death of the father, at a great age, which happened a few years ago, some of Glenmorris's friends, who went to look at the will, thought that resentment thus carried to the grave had
not

not all the effect intended, and that by an oversight the child of the daughter they had thus driven from any share of their great property would resume the rights of her mother. Whoever were the zealous friends of Glenmorris, were likely to pursue this inquiry, as well from their affection for him, as from their abhorrence of the tyranny and injustice that had deprived their friend of affluence, and driven him from society he was so well calculated to adorn, to the wilds of America.

“ In consequence of this, copies of the will were obtained, and one among the gentlemen who was the best acquainted with the state of the affairs, drew up a case for the consideration of counsel. Of these, four were consulted; of whom two gave their opinion decidedly against, and two as peremptorily in favour of, the right remaining in Medora Glenmorris to a very considerable part of the property of her grandfather.

“ These opinions were sent to America,

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where

where Glenmorris had resided some years; but it was not till after several other representations from his friends here, that he was at length prevailed upon to suffer his wife and daughter to come to England, whither he could not accompany them, not only because he is deeply in debt, but because the freedom with which he spoke and wrote has made him enemies in this country, who have now so much the power of hurting him, that the persuasions of his few remaining friends against his return to England were added to the reluctance he felt to revisit a country where he had found that fortune alone was the object of esteem; and where he saw, or *fancied* he saw, a daily innovation on those principles, which, though not a native of England itself, he had been taught to admire and venerate. If he is not," continued Mr. Armitage, "greatly changed since I saw him in his American retirement, you are, my dear George, the very man in the world to whom I think he would, if he
knew

knew you, delight, in giving his daughter; nor do I believe him capable of adopting for her any of those ambitious views of which he knows the folly and futility; if, contrary to what he expects himself, her fortune should be great; I see nothing, therefore, that should prevent your openly declaring to his wife in person, and by letter to himself, your sentiments in regard to Medora. I am no advocate for very early or very hasty marriages; but it is because they are often made by the tyranny or the avarice of parents. Where two young people have very good sense, as I believe to be the case with you and your fair American; and where there is a probability that you will rather improve in intellectual qualifications, I think your time of life very far from being a cause even for delay. Life indeed is not long enough to allow a reasonable man much hesitation, when once he has found a woman so well calculated as you think Medora is, to confer happiness."

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In consequence of this conversation, which endeared Mr. Armitage more than ever to Delmont (as generally happens when the counsellor thinks like him who demands counsel) Delmont was desirous of talking over his future proceedings, and determined to stay all night, while the charitable and delicate imagination of Mrs. Crewkherne led her to such conjectures as to his stay as raised her indignation to the highest pitch, and though, while with the Doctor and Mrs. Winslow, she checked the ebullitions of her wrath, she vented her spleen with ten-fold acrimony when alone with either of the sisters, who vainly attempted to appease her.

To Caroline she declared, that she could not answer it to her conscience to stay under the roof of so profligate a young man. "The world," she said, "in its present depraved state, should have no reason to say she countenanced such libertine doings; and therefore she bade Caroline prepare to return to London."

don with her. It was in vain the poor girl endeavoured to mitigate her resentment, by alledging that it was possible some accident might have detained her brother, or that he might have staid at Mr. Armitage's. The very name of Armitage increased her indignation, and all that Caroline could obtain was a sort of promise from the inexorable Mrs. Crewkherne, that she would not attack Delmont on the discovery she had made before any of their visitors.

This promise, however, it was not possible for her to abide by. Delmont, resolute never to subject himself to the controul the old lady had so great an inclination to impose on every body around her, appeared the next day at dinner, and slightly excused himself to Doctor Winflow for his absence. The Doctor answered in the common terms, "that he should be sorry to put him under any restraint;" but Mrs. Crewkherne, who probably expected some apology to herself, began to *talk at him* in so rude and

virulent a way, as only the calm and dignified consciousness of his own blameless conduct, and manly compassion for her weakness and prejudice, could have enabled him to endure. His endeavours to laugh off her furious and illiberal attack served only to irritate her the more: at length, dinner being ended, he took a glass of wine with the Doctor, and retired to his study, while Mrs. Crewkerne, whose irascible and malignant passions were now inflamed even to a sort of phrensy, forgetting all the reasons she had for secrecy, began vehemently to declaim against the licentious conduct of young men in general, and that of Mr. Delmont in particular; asserting, that it was owing to the profligate manners of modern youth, and the general wickedness of the world, that under the best of sovereigns, and an heaven-born minister, and notwithstanding so many orders for fasts, and other acts of pious humiliation, the war, so just and necessary, had been so little successful. "I am sorry,"

forry," added Mrs. Crewkherne, "grieved to see that a kinsman of mine should add to the number of wretched souls, by whose delinquency the punishment is drawn down on this generation. And as Doctor Dundermass says, "Woe, woe unto all who shall appertain to these—and behold the beast hath the upper hand—and the voice of wailing is heard." In this style the poor woman talked herself out of breath, Doctor Winflow listening with profound attention; not because he either admired the eloquence or participated the zeal of Mrs. Crewkherne, but because he saw that an opportunity offered, which would deliver him, as he hoped, for ever, from all fear of Delmont's supplanting his son in the favour of Miss Goldthorp.

To her he failed not to relate all that had passed at table (for she was yet unable or unwilling to dine below) expressing great concern that a young man, in many respects so worthy, should be
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so tainted with the vicious opinions and manners of the age, and expressing his sorrow for Mrs. Crewkherne, "who, poor lady," said the Doctor, "has a truly maternal yearning for the backslidings of a youth so well calculated to fight manfully in the good cause."

Miss Goldthorp wanted not sense to see, nor spirit to despise hypocrisy, and perfectly understood the Doctor's motive for retailing the history; she heard it therefore with some impatience, and then, to the great dismay of the narrator, said, "All who know Mrs. Crewkherne know her malice—She is an hateful old cat, and Mr. Delmont is quite in the right to do exactly as he pleases, without consulting such a spiteful witch."

It is unnecessary to repeat the Doctor's answer to the tart reply of his sometime ward, nor to describe the hysseric with which Mrs. Winslow ended the conversation—before it closed, it became so warm that Doctor Winslow protested his resolution

lution to depart immediately, and Miss Goldthorp as resolutely assured him, that if he did, she should remain where she was.

Never before had the preacher of patience to others so much occasion to exercise it himself. Unused to the least contradiction, and unable to endure it, the opposition he now found from a person over whom he was so unwilling to resign his authority, was not to be borne—It seemed to him the most atrocious injury; and at length his irritable temper so far conquered his prudence, that he forgot at once his dignity, and that the passion to which he sacrificed it was wholly impotent, since he had no longer any power to controul the actions of his wife's niece.

While this angry conversation was passing in Miss Goldthorp's apartment, the party below were far from being very tranquil; for Mrs Crewkherne, throwing off all restraint, was declaring to both her nieces her resolution to quit the house; and to Caroline she even gave directions

directions to prepare for their departure. The poor girls, who saw the destruction of all the projects they had formed for the prosperity of their brother, attempted, but vainly, to soothe her—The greater she found her power of inflicting pain, the more delight she seemed to feel. At length a note was delivered to Caroline, who, half drowned in tears, found the contents to be these :

“ My dear girls,

“ Think it not unkind in your brother if he absents himself for some time from an house, where you will continue to exercise the duties of hospitality towards our guests, so long as Miss Goldthorp's situation shall continue to make it a convenient abode for her and her friends. The concerns of a friend, to whom I am under obligations, and my own resolution never to suffer my personal freedom to be encroached upon, unite to detain me. I am sorry to do what may be termed rude to Dr. Winslow ; but the difference

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of my going or staying is to him trifling, while I should, by doing the latter, subject myself to many disagreeable hours, which is, you know, what I determine never to do, when the sacrifice of myself can be of little or no use to others. I need give you no other reasons; and surely I need not to my Caroline and my Louisa say, that they will always have a tender and affectionate brother in

“G. D.”

“Direct to me at Armitage’s, should you have occasion to write.”

It seemed as if the certainty of having driven Delmont from his house had a momentary effect on Mrs. Crewkherne, and though still vehemently reviling him, she consented to let his absence pass, as being occasioned by business, if his sisters wrote to endeavour to recal him before it should be known he withdrew in anger. While Louisa therefore wrote, Caroline went up to the apartment of Miss Goldthorp, who, irritated and wearied

ried by the conversation she had just before had with her uncle and aunt, and dreading the persecution she foresaw on behalf of their son, hesitated no longer either in avowing her decided partiality towards Delmont, or in consenting that it should be made known to him. In this she did not imagine she made any sacrifice of her pride; for she was persuaded Delmont had forborne to address her merely on account of the distance fortune had placed between them; nor her vanity ever suffered her to suppose it possible, that there was in the world a man who could be indifferent to, or refuse such a woman with such a fortune.

C H A P. XIII.

"O friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural quiet pass'd."

DREADING nothing so much as returning to the gloomy society of fanatics and bigots at the London residence of Mrs. Crewkherne, Caroline Delmont assisted her sister, and both exerted all the little finesse they were mistress of to influence their brother; they represented the attachment of the young heiress, whom so many sought, as demanding all his gratitude; spoke highly of her good qualities, and touched on the independence as well as on the power of doing good, which the possession of such a fortune would bestow.

The letter being finished with great care, was dispatched by a messenger on horseback,

horseback, and with beating heart Caroline and Louisa waited his return, contriving in the meantime how to proceed, if the answer should be unfavourable. The man who had been sent returned much sooner than they had expected with the following answer from Delmont:

“ Believe, my dearest girls, that I am sensible of all I owe to your fond solicitude, and were there any consideration on earth that could induce me to swerve from the principles by which I have determined to govern my own conduct, it would be the desire I feel to give even temporary happiness to my beloved sisters; but indeed, my dear Caroline and Louisa, it would be only temporary, for you would soon cease to be happy, when you became conscious that your brother was miserable; and miserable it is very certain he would be, if he fraudulently possessed himself of the person of any woman for the sake of the fortune that belonged to it. Such would be my conduct,

duct, were I to avail myself of the good opinion of the lady you name to me. I respect and esteem her, and my opinion of her understanding is raised, not by the preference she honours me with, but by that liberality of mind which has induced her to be sincere. If she condescends to hear what my answer is, tell her, Caroline, that I honour and regard her too much to consider her as the means of acquiring superfluous fortune. That if I had an heart unoccupied, her excellencies, rather than her large property, might induce me to offer it; but it is already irrevocably another's. And I have only to assure your fair friend, that my gratitude, while it will end but with my life, shall be wholly confined to my own breast; and that in respectful silence I shall await the intelligence, that one who deserves her, and knows her value, may render her happy; which that she may be in the highest degree is most truly the desire of

"GEORGE DELMONT."

The

The contents of this letter could not be concealed; and when, after some hesitation, the trembling Caroline gave it to Miss Goldthorp to peruse, nothing but mortified pride saved her from exhibiting her indignation and anger: she restrained her tears however, though with painful and evident effort, and entreated of her two friends to conceal most cautiously from Doctor and Mrs. Winflow the avowal on her part, and the refusal on that of Delmont, which would occasion such exultation to them, and to her a degree of mortification it was hardly possible to support.

Delmont's intentional absence, however, it was now no longer easy to disguise. The Doctor, glad of a pretence to hasten their removal, declared he could not think of remaining in an house from which there was reason to believe his presence had driven the master. Mrs. Crewkherne declared that the time she had appropriated to her stay in the country was already expired; and Miss Goldthorp

thorp making no longer any opposition to their departure, suddenly discovered that she could travel without inconvenience.

The parting of the two sisters, however, was a painful idea to both; Louisa, though she loved her brother better than any other human being, knew not how far she might possess that share of his affection which he had hitherto bestowed upon her, when he had avowed his attachment to some woman, who it was probably his intention to make the mistress of his house; while Mrs. Crewkherne, without knowing what he had himself acknowledged, laboured to impress on the timid minds of both the sisters, that their brother's purpose was to introduce into his house some person of doubtful, or of bad character, to whom Mr. Armitage had made him known. Louisa was at once hurt by Delmont's want of confidence in her, and fearful of finding herself in the way of any arrangement he

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had

had proposed making, she therefore listened to an invitation given by Miss Goldthorp, and seconded by Mrs. Winslow, to pass the winter with them in Sackville-street, Mrs. Winslow being delighted to continue the acquaintance with the sisters, now that her fears were over about the brother.

Louisa, like most girls of her age, was eager for novelty, and yet fearful of quitting her brother, who, when she was alone and deserted, had proved himself so tenderly attached to her, and had since so kindly instructed, or fondly protected her; yet the dread of this new connection, which Mrs. Crewkherne represented as being formed with some mistress, whom he only wished for an opportunity of placing at the head of his family, almost over-balanced every other consideration. She could not bear to be supplanted in her brother's affection; she could not associate with such a person; it was even improper for her to stay in his house, while

while he visited such a one in the neighbourhood; yet, if her brother should be offended with her; if she should lose his friendship, she must be miserable.

This debate, which lasted a great while, was terminated at length by her resolving to write to her brother, and ask his assent, or rather his opinion of the proposal made to her, which acquired new advantage in her opinion, when she began to recollect the variety and gaiety of a winter passed in the metropolis, opposed to the languor and tediousness of the same season in a lonely house, far even from the melancholy mitigations afforded by the neighbourhood of a country town.

With apprehensive timidity she wrote, and awaited the messenger's return with even more anxiety than she had done the last. The answer from Delmont was as follows:

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“ When the unhappy events, which I shall ever deplore, deprived my beloved sisters of the best mother that ever blessed grateful and affectionate children, and of a father tenderly anxious for their welfare, and when it became my duty to fill, as well as I could, the dear and sacred character of their guardian and protector, I endeavoured to acquit myself as I thought would be most pleasing to her, whose memory is so dear to my heart. I will always do so, as long as the charge is left to me ; but though I am proud of being the guardian, I will never be the governor of my sisters. You are now, my Louisa, in your seventeenth year ; you have a very good understanding, which wants nothing but a little more strength, in points that relate to resolution and firmness. If going this journey is agreeable to you, go my dear girl, and learn to rely, in the few instances where decision can be required, on your own judgment to guide your own conduct.

duct. It is not good to have always, even in trifles, somebody to lean upon; for as, sooner or later, every body must act for themselves, the earlier an habit is acquired of considering consequences in every point, and being directed by judgment, the sooner an useful character is formed. I do not love the wavering imbecility of temper, which, if long yielded to, becomes an habit; and if my Louisa *has* a fault, it is a little tendency to what the French call, "l'inconsequence."

"It is, in a trifling degree, visible in your letter. Why would you not write, in your fair hand, fair and simple truth? Then you would have said, "Brother, I should like to pass the winter with Miss Goldthorp, but I am afraid you will not willingly acquiesce. I love you, brother, but, indeed, passing a long long winter at Upwood, will be very melancholy for your poor Louisa, and it will be sad to be again separated by so many miles

from Caroline; besides, they tell me that you have some attachment, and perhaps may wish me away; therefore, dear George, I desire to go."

I can see through the pretty little well turned artifices in her letter, that my Louisa meant all this. I will suppose she had been candid enough to have said it; and I thus answer. "Go, my dear sister, and amuse yourself. There can be no impropriety under such protection. "*Il n'y à jamais du mal dans la bonne compagnie.*" A winter in the country to a young woman not seventeen, is, I own, but a melancholy sort of speculation to look forward to, and I would never willingly have you and our Caroline long separated, for nothing is so sweet and becoming as sisterly friendship. As to what you have heard of any attachment of mine, let me assure you, I shall never have one to any woman, with whom my sisters ought not to associate; nor any connection that can ever make me wish them away.

"But

" But where there is restraint, let no one look for friendship ; I never will therefore, my love, restrain you, unless I see you likely to commit some imprudence injurious to yourself, which I think I never shall. As a residence in London requires more of ornamental dress than the country, accept, my Louisa, of the enclosed trifle, in addition to your allowance. Caroline has a rich friend, and therefore I know does not need it ; and now, adieu, dear sharers in my love. Write to me very frequently, as I will to you, and whenever your visit ends, the house and heart of your brother are open to you, and not to you only, Louisa, but to my ever dear Caroline, who never will, I hope, suffer herself to be estranged from her and your affectionate friend,

G. D."

The letter enclosed a bank note of thirty pounds. Louisa, though a little

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hurt that her brother did not believe her sincere, had yet too much pleasure in being assured of going, to reflect very deeply. Preparations were immediately made for the journey, and post-horses ordered for the next day save one, it being settled that the Winslow family and Mrs. Crewkherne should depart at the same time.

This they accordingly did. The Doctor leaving a long formal letter of thanks to Delmont, who, two days after they left it, returned to his own house.

The interval of his enforced absence from it, he had passed at Mr. Armitage's, visiting however the lodging of his new friends every day. During that time, he had disclosed to both the mother and daughter, the affection he had conceived for the latter. Mrs. Glenmorris received his declaration with joy, which she did not attempt to conceal, and Medora acknowledged very frankly, that she did not believe she ever could like
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any body so well as she liked him. He had now opportunities of admiring the simple sweetness of her character, and every study of her temper, and her unadulterated heart taught him anew the value of the jewel he had found. From Mrs. Glenmorris he learned some singular circumstances that had occurred in her life, and that of the father of Medora.

The rigours of winter, which soon followed the departure of the London party, sometimes made the return of Delmont to Upwood at a late hour of the evening, painful to those he left, though the distance was hardly two miles by the footway. Mrs. Glenmorris was therefore occasionally prevailed upon to pass two or three days at the house of Delmont, and then it was they tasted the felicity of mutual confidence; of that sort of sympathy which unites people who love, and mutually understand each other. Delmont had seized the first occasion
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that offered to write to Glenmorris, and he looked forward with anxious solicitude to the time when he was to receive an answer, on which the future happiness of his life depended. Mrs. Glenmorris, however, encouraged him to entertain the most sanguine hopes; and Medora assured him, that if he knew her father, he would have no apprehensions as to the success of his application.

The winter fled away but too swiftly; for such happiness as Delmont then enjoyed was not soon to return. The clamour of the country was, in the meantime, loud and vehement against him; and Mrs. Nixon, as well as many old women of all descriptions in the neighbouring towns, as well as some young ones, asserted that Mr. Delmont had turned his aunt, good lady, and his two sisters, poor things! out of doors, to make room for a mistress.

The optimists (however, very numerous among these good folks) soon began
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to consider this imaginary crime and misdemeanor, as ordered by superior power; and as one of the proofs which they are fond of seizing, that "good always comes out of evil;" "that all is for the best, and could not possibly be better;" for a few weeks only after Caroline's departure with her aunt, she was addressed by a young man of large fortune, whose mother was the intimate friend of the old lady, and who (doubtless without any view to the fortune Caroline was likely to have) had influence enough with her son to direct his choice. Caroline was indeed a young woman who had great personal recommendations, and Mr. Bethune found no difficulty in obeying his mother, when she desired him to prefer a very pretty girl, of a family to which it gratified his pride to be allied, and who had an almost certain prospect of a fortune of between twenty and thirty thousand pounds.

George

George Delmont was not consulted—his sister indeed paid him the compliment of writing, to inform him of her intended marriage—to which he could only answer, that she had all his wishes for her happiness.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.